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The Financial Outlook

By John Pell

England

All other events of the month, economic or political, were overshadowed by England's temporary abandonment of the gold basis. There are few economists really versed in the intricacies of foreign exchange, probably none who can accurately foresee the consequences of the Bank of England's move. A great deal will depend, of course, on the political results. Even the event itself is puzzling: it can be looked at from so many angles. Historically, September 21, 1931, will, I feel, be marked as the day when the financial centre of the world passed from London to New York. This can not but have been a blow to England's pride, but there are things more important to a nation than its pride. England, bravely and fortunately, faced the facts.

The prestige of the New York Stock Exchange was clearly enhanced by its ability to withstand the selling of the world. The market chose to interpret England's move bullishly — a correct diagnosis, I believe, for the abandonment of the gold basis, necessary though it was, removed an important impediment to England's economic recovery. With a depreciated currency, she will soon be in a position to undersell her competitors and recapture lost foreign markets. The apparent corollary is that this will hurt our foreign trade, but I do not think that this will be the case. It is not improbable that England, finding commerce once more profitable, will embark upon a period of inflation, which, if not carried to excess, will benefit us in two ways. First, nothing would be better for the psychological condition of world business than a prosperous England. Second, during the process of industrial expansion, England would have to buy materials from us. Of course, the one great remaining obstacle to all of this is the dole. England is like a very fine thoroughbred which might have been the favorite for a given race were it not carrying an excessive weight.

There are probably some people who believe that England's abandonment of the gold basis was a great departure from her long standing economic custom. To them it should be pointed out that once before, in 1919, the gold standard was given up, and only reinstated six years ago. Events have proved merely that at that time England was not ready to return to the gold standard. Her political leader, Churchill, was animated by a sense of pride and a natural desire for glory. Had his policy been more self-effacing, England's pride would not have had to suffer the blow of September 21. How the Soviet officials must have rejoiced at England's distress!

From a long pull standpoint I consider the concentration of the world supply of gold in a few countries — the United States, France, and the Argentine — as highly dangerous. It is conceivable that the remaining and greater part of the world, having no gold, will simply cease to regard it as the most desirable medium of exchange. If, on the other hand, gold is to remain the basis of credit, it must be more evenly distributed. Prosperity can only come when you have something desirable to sell, and customers rich enough to buy it.

Wages

I have frequently stated my belief that the Administration's attempt to peg wages was unsound and one of the principal causes of the severity of the present depression. Business leaders generally have at last been forced to cut wages to a level commensurate with the lowered cost of living and prevalent volume of business. This move will soon be reflected in improved corporate profits, which, in turn, will stimulate business psychology as nothing

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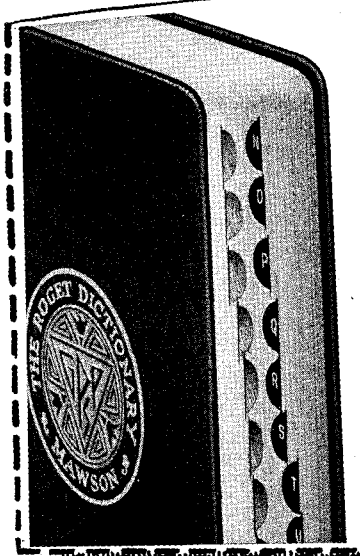

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else can do. It is interesting to remember that the low point of the 1921 bear market occurred two days before the Steel Company's announcement of a general wage cut.

Construction

CONSTRUCTION appears to have taken a turn for the better. Preliminary figures for new construction contracts let in September indicate that they will be ahead of those of August. This rarely happens, September usually being considered a poor time for initiating building operations. The present upturn therefore is extra-seasonal and may indicate that in August new construction had reached the irreducible minimum. Of course the September figure will be far behind that of last year, and the volume of construction initiated during 1931 the lowest in many years. If, however, it should soon become apparent that an uptrend has at last begun, the present low ebb would rapidly lose its discouraging significance.

Agriculture

IN SPITE of prevailing prices and drought in the Middle West, the prospects favor bumper crops. In general, the Department of Agriculture reports, considering both acreage and yield per acre, the combined production of the principal food crops is expected to be somewhat above the usual average. The 1931 probable production of all wheat, including 775 million bushels of winter wheat, now totals 886 million bushels, compared with 863 million harvested in 1930 and the five year average production of 822 million bushels. Presumably then, Farm Boards and panaceas notwithstanding, the price of wheat has yet to go still lower. Nobody can help a man who is unwilling to help himself. If in spite of a price below the cost of production the farmer persists in planting bigger and bigger crops, and the country banker lends him money to do it with, the result is inevitable. One of the major political crimes of our history was spending money raised by taxation in the Eastern States to reclaim Western waste lands and consequently make Eastern farms less valuable. But the deed is done, and there is no solution of the farmer's dilemma but by reducing acreage. A possible solution would be the reforestation of vast areas, protected by an adequate tariff on pulp wood. Of course such a tariff is one of the hardest to put through, because all editors want cheap paper and are in a position to oppose anything that might affect their profits adversely.

The corn situation appears to be not unlike that of wheat. The Department of Agriculture forecasts the crop at 2,715,357,000 bushels. This is only 45 million bushels under the five year average, and is 622 million bushels or 29.7 per cent larger than the production of 1930. The remarks made above concerning the wheat farmer apply emphatically to the cotton farmer.

Metaphor

I HAD a friend who wanted to give a party. It was to be a tremendous party, one that people would remember and talk about for years. He did not at the moment have enough money on hand, so he mortgaged his house, arranging to amortize the mortgage from his ample income. Hard times came and he lost his job. Being unable to collect the interest payments on the mortgage, the creditor foreclosed. Now my friend has no home, no job and no resources, but people are still talking about the party.

People are still talking about the World War, too, but every nation which participated in it is in grave financial condition. The position of the United States is more complicated than that of my friend, because, besides being one of those who gave the ghastly party, it holds the mortgage. And further, as everybody knows, the mortgage can not be foreclosed. Sooner or later the American taxpayers are going to pay for the War, and the sooner they realize it, it seems to me, the better.

Business

THE *Annalist* index of business activity made a new post-War low early in September. Improvement since that time has not been anything like the normal seasonal improvement, and the prospects for the remaining months of the year are not bright. The one individual who above all others bears watching at this time is Mr.

(*Continued on page XV*)

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Guests of the Nation. By *Frank O'Connor*. New York: Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A stirring narrative of the chaotic events in Ireland during the Rebellion.

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At Home in China. By *Esther Frayne Hayes*. New York: Walter Neale. $3.00.

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OUR TIMES

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This survey of social legislation in France and England since 1900 shows how these countries have tried to apply their principles of political democracy.

The Prohibition Experiment in Finland. By *John H. Wuorinen*. New York: Columbia University Press. $3.50.

This is a thorough and unbiased account of what Finland has done in liquor legislation and of how the present condition of Prohibition actually works and is regarded.

The International Court. By *Edward Lindsey*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.75.

A study of the development of international law and a review of what the Court of International Justice has accomplished since its foundation in 1922.

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The Wild Orchid. By *Sigrid Undset*. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The story of a young man and his striving in love and religion. Miss Undset has left her medieval world for modern times, and intends to stay in this setting in a sequel, *The Burning Bush*.

The Wolf in the Garden. By *Alfred H. Bill*. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

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Basque People. By *Dorothy Canfield*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

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The Theory of Drama. By *Allardyce Nicoll*. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. $2.50.

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My South Sea Island. By *Eric Muspratt*. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

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The North American Review

VOLUME 232 NOVEMBER, 1931 NUMBER 5

England Decides

BY WARNER MARSHALL, JR.

An explanation of the causes and probable effects of her leaving the gold standard

THIS paper was begun on Sunday, September 20, when it was known that on that evening His Majesty's Government would issue a statement announcing the suspension of the operation of Subsection 2, Section 1 of the Gold Standard Act of 1925, which requires the Bank of England to sell gold at a fixed price. It was known that a bill for this purpose would be introduced the following day and that Parliament was to be asked to pass it on that day through all three stages. The dominant question was, how would it be received when it was announced Monday morning in the press? From a world which, in one summer, had seen the minor Spanish crisis and the near bankruptcy of the German Republic anything might be expected. There was talk of closing the New York Stock Exchange in harmony with the action taken in the majority of the other countries; but the possibility of demoralization and lack of confidence in England which such a statement would impute was sufficient to overrule the suggestion.

The Stock Exchange here reflected nothing so much as the confusion with which this information was received by the man in the street. The market opened weak, rallied about midday, eased off again and then advanced into new high ground for the day, only to wilt again at the close. To men in financial houses, to merchants, exporters and importers, to manufacturers and a host of others the departure of Great Britain from the gold standard was incomprehensible. From the headlines in even our most conservative papers it appeared that something terrible had happened. Uncertain, many felt that it was a portent of more trouble; that it betokened the collapse of a great

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nation; that the world was again plunged further into a welter of chaos and depression.

This action by the coalition ministry in Britain was, however, nothing of the sort; it was rather the sequel to a long, unfortunate, but noble experiment which began after the close of the late War and received tangible shape when England went upon the gold exchange standard in 1925. The present refusal to convert the pound into gold at a predetermined rate marks the beginning of a new period and appears to be the first concrete step towards a revalorization of the pound at a level which will permit the commencement of British industrial and economic recovery.

THE War destroyed the international gold standard existing in 1914 because it destroyed the willingness of European countries to sell gold freely without restrictions. The abandonment of the gold standard consisted essentially in the prevention of the movement of gold from one country to another in search of the best market. In countries such as France and Germany this abandonment was accomplished by the suspension of convertibility, followed, after a period of time, by the placing of an embargo upon the private export of gold. Similar drastic measures in Britain were taken, and the melting of gold coin or its use otherwise than as currency was prohibited in 1916, and in 1917 the export of gold was prohibited outright. Even in the United States the establishment of a partial embargo on gold exports removed us from a true gold standard by nullifying the essential condition of a true gold standard which requires the practice of selling gold freely without restrictions.

The absolute confusion which reigned in international trade at the close of the War was of vast significance for England. To preserve and strengthen the sources of England's economic power required the restoration at all costs of normal conditions of international trade and exchange. Part and parcel of this effort was the attempt to return to a gold basis; and it may safely be said that from the moment England first abandoned the gold standard she never had any policy other than to return to it at the earliest opportunity.

In simple terms, what Britain attempted in 1919 was to create a situation in which the Bank of England could again undertake to sell gold at 77s. 10½d. per standard ounce in unlimited amounts and without restrictions as to melting or export. To do this, there were three essential steps to be undertaken and England methodically began to attempt to make them a fact. The first was to reëstablish the market for gold on a sufficiently wide basis to bring into being again a true world value of gold; and as head of the British Empire, England negotiated for the abandonment of the conditions imposed on the movement of gold from South Africa and to India. The second step was to determine accurately the value of the pound sterling in terms of gold in this post-War period; and by withdrawing support from the sterling-dollar exchange, the pound was allowed to find its own level. The third step, by far the most difficult, was the restoration of the purchasing power of the pound in

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terms of gold back to what it was before the War.

Because the greatest single source of monetary demand for gold during this period was the United States, the world value of gold was identified with the value of the dollar. This narrowness of the market produced a highly volatile movement in gold, and this condition continued to exist until the restoration of the gold standard in the important countries widened the number of currencies for which gold might be freely exchanged at fixed prices. The accomplishment of this latter aim involved a choice, on the part of all countries desirous of returning to the gold standard, between devaluation and deflation. France, Germany, Italy and the majority took the former and easier method; Britain attempted the latter.

To return to the pre-War value of the pound it was necessary to take any and all steps which might strengthen the pound in the exchange markets of the world. From 1920 on, in the face of innumerable adverse economic factors, the pound sterling showed a slow and spasmodic improvement, and from the low figure of $3.18 in 1920 had attained $4.259 in January, 1924. The contending elements against such a rise were strong, as in the latter half of 1924, when the adverse merchandise balance of trade reached abnormally high figures and the rise in prices in England at a rate faster than in this country tended to counteract the rise in sterling exchange.

The average New York-London exchange rate for June, 1924, was $4.319, considerably below the pre-War figure; the rate gradually rose during the autumn, partly in consequence of the reduction in American money rates, and at the close of the year stood at $4.695. Further gains during the early part of 1925 carried it to $4.776 as an average for the month of March. It was felt that as the exchange need only rise another one and one-half per cent to be at par and that to allow the exchange to fall back with the certainty of having to raise it again at a later day would be injurious to trade and industry, then was the proper time to return to the gold basis. This was accordingly accomplished with the passage on May 13, 1925, of the Gold Standard Act, the declaration by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the Gold and Silver (Export Control) Act would not be renewed on December 31, 1925, and the granting of a general license to the Bank of England to deliver gold for export against any form of legal tender.

The return to the gold basis by England implied that the rates of exchange then existing could be maintained by an adjustment of prices, for at that time the British pound was definitely overvalued in terms of purchasing power. The average London-New York exchange rate during February 1925 was $4.77; on the basis of relative prices, the rate should have been in the neighborhood of $4.54. For many months the hope was held that rising prices in the United States would cause the exchange to go to parity of its own volition; this expectation was not realized.

IN RETURNING to the pre-War standard with the pound sterling overvalued, the value of the pound in foreign markets was raised at that

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time about ten per cent, while its purchasing power was unchanged. This policy of improving the foreign exchange value of sterling up to its pre-War value in gold from being about ten per cent below, meant that whenever a British merchant sold anything abroad either the foreign buyer had to pay ten per cent more in foreign money or the British exporter had to accept ten per cent less in sterling money. In order to be on a competitive level, therefore, British manufacturers had to reduce their costs ten per cent unless prices rose elsewhere.

During the period immediately following the restoration of the gold basis there was no appreciable change in the indices of the cost of living in Great Britain. At the new value for the pound sterling, it is obvious that the price level was ten per cent too high. England, if she were to continue the pre-War basis of sterling, was forced by economic pressure to undergo deflation.

Now deflation is not enjoyable, because it effects what is always harmful, a change in the existing standard of value; it involves a redistribution of wealth, transferring it from the rest of the community to the rentier class and to all holders of titles to money. In particular it causes a shift from all borrowers, such as traders, manufacturers and farmers, to lenders; from the active to the inactive. In objective form it results in the enrichment of the rentier at the expense of the taxpayer. It forces a depreciation in the inventories of goods held by merchants and manufacturers, increases the risks involved and causes a timidity on the part of capital. As business is conducted largely with borrowed money, commercial and industrial activity must temporarily, at least, be brought to a standstill.

The effect on the entrepreneur class is fairly evident. Faced with depreciating assets, this class must reduce costs of production and distribution, and as the biggest factor in costs is labor, deflation implies a reduction in wages. Now wages move slowly; every downward movement is fought by organized labor reluctant to give up that little which it has gained with so much struggle and effort. The alternative to reducing wages is reducing the number of wage earners employed. This, in any event, will be necessary if wages do not fall sufficiently to compensate for the artificial raising of the currency in terms of gold.

Together with the penalties imposed upon these classes goes the necessary increase in taxes. The reduction in wages and the lowering of profits would not in themselves be injurious if it were not that the increased purchasing power of the currency unit obtained did not inure largely to the benefit of the so-called moneyed classes.

These conditions have been faced by England since its establishment of the gold exchange standard in 1925. In addition to the problems imposed by the workings of economic law, the country was seriously handicapped by the disorganization which was still with it in 1925 as a consequence of the late War. During the years from 1919 on, Britain's foreign trade, the basis on which its economic organization rested, could not immediately be revived, because of international trade con-

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ditions and the demoralization of the foreign exchange markets. Consequently its industries suffered; it had, moreover, a vast horde of demobilized soldiers for whom there was no place in its economic society and these added largely to the legion of unemployed. This unemployment, however, made wage reductions possible; but the reduction of wages to a lower and lower level did not improve the condition of the laborer, crippled domestic purchasing power and offered less incentive to those who were not employed to seek jobs.

During the time that Mr. MacDonald was Prime Minister, at the head of the Labor Cabinet, a temporizing attitude was taken. While economically deflation had to continue, the attempt was made to mitigate and ameliorate its consequences. The widespread dole payments are but one manifestation of this. The result of this middle course has been that the necessary lowering of costs to permit British manufacturers to compete in world markets and thus stimulate commercial and industrial activity has not been accomplished; what reductions have occurred have been offset to a large extent by the increase in taxes necessary to support the dole movement, which increases were at a far faster rate than would normally occur under a drastic deflationary policy which did not attempt to compromise with the situation.

BRITISH industry, which depends so largely upon foreign markets, has been unable to compete in these markets and consequently to thrive. The effect has been an unfavorable balance of trade which could not be offset by invisible items such as interest payments on foreign loans and payments for services.

London banks, as a result, have been called upon to provide gold and credits with which to pay for these foreign purchases. Such a policy can be continued as long as the country possesses an ample gold supply or is able to borrow in foreign markets on long term credits. Ultimately, however, this method is doomed to failure as the continual drain will be too great for the nation to stand; the solution can only lie in some action which increases exports proportionately to imports and thereby lessens the financial strain.

During the summer this situation became especially acute. England, laboring under an unsuccessful deflationary policy, was unable or unwilling to attempt to reduce further her domestic prices. At a time, moreover, when unfavorable exchange rates were drawing out its gold supply, it agreed to the freezing of the credits which it had granted to Germany under the so-called "stand-still" arrangement. Unable to repatriate these credits it engaged new ones in this country and in France. It could not, however, correct its adverse trade balance and so was unable to prevent this drain of gold. As this condition became more evident to the markets of the world, the exchange moved still further against London when bankers in Paris, Amsterdam and New York and other markets began to withdraw those funds that were on deposit in the English market. From the middle of July to the middle of September, funds amounting to more than £200,000,-

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000 were taken out of London. These withdrawals were met partly from gold and foreign currency held by the Bank of England, partly from proceeds of a credit of £50,000,000 secured by the Bank of England from New York and Paris and partly from the proceeds of French and American credits amounting to £80,000,000 which were obtained by the British Government. In the second week in September, the hysteria that appeared in the security markets of the world made itself felt throughout industry, and there was an acceleration in the withdrawal of foreign balances from the London market.

One of the two possible methods of correcting the adverse balance of trade which was at the root of the trouble has been indicated: the reduction of prices in England in terms of pounds sterling. The only other was to keep the same prices in terms of pounds sterling but to reduce the cost of these pounds to foreigners, i.e., to permit the pound to be valued in terms of its purchasing power and not in terms of gold. It is obvious that to a foreign buyer it mattered little which of these two alternatives was adopted; in one the cost of an article was reduced from one pound to eighteen shillings; in the other the price continued at one pound but the cost of the pound in the foreign exchange market was forty cents less.

This, in effect, was the meaning of the statement which appeared in the papers of September 21. Unable longer to maintain the pound sterling at an artificial level, England permitted it to seek its own level in terms of world prices. The attempt to maintain the pound at an artificial level at which it was definitely overvalued in the exchange markets of the world was abandoned as an impossibility.

Today the return to the pre-War basis appears to be out of the question; Britain seems to realize that with the depressed condition of its economic organization it would be utterly impossible to bring about the further deflation which this policy would require. At such time as the country returns to the gold exchange basis from which it has just departed, the error of stabilizing at too high a figure will not be made. And since devaluation will be accepted, there is not an artificial level to which it aspires; the difference of a few points is, under such circumstances, of minor significance.

One element must not be overlooked; the present budget of Britain has been balanced. In the post-War period which saw the stabilization on a lowered basis of the franc, the lire, the mark, these countries were definitely faced with the necessity for balancing their budgets in the presence of disorganized monetary and currency conditions. England, by heroic measures, has balanced its budget, and the bugaboo of inflationary tactics, in so far as they pertain to the budget, appears to be eliminated.

Two problems have confronted Britain in recent years in its attempt to restore itself to prosperity. Two conditions were a prerequisite for success: one was the balancing of the budget; the second was the adjusting of its foreign trade balances. The first is now an accomplished fact; the first important step to bring about

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the second has been undertaken by permitting the pound to seek its own levels in the international market.

As long as sterling was artificially maintained, British exporters and manufacturers were laboring under a handicap measured by the difference between the value of sterling in terms of gold, and the value of sterling in terms of purchasing power. If we accept the figure around which sterling fluctuated in the week following the announcement, or $4.10, we find that the pound sterling had been overvalued about fifteen per cent. In other words, Britain in its foreign trade, the backbone of its existence, had a differential of fifteen per cent always against it. It was a charge, invisible to be sure, that was deducted from its receipts and added to the cost of its purchases. With the Government's action, this is eliminated. British products can, as a result, now compete in world markets; there will not be this artificial restriction on its industry; it will permit the resumption of its exports, and thus allow the improvement of its trade balances.

THE solution is not, of course, of such stark simplicity; dangers of both an economic and political nature will confront Britain in the coming months. The saving element, if there be one, will lie in the forthright steadiness of the British people.

Devaluation implies inflation, as the steps preceding it are always accompanied by rising prices. With the pound sterling lowered in terms of gold value from its former artificial level, prices must as a consequence rise, due to the depreciation of the currency; the experiences of Germany and France are cases in point. If prices are permitted to continue upward, the depreciation is consequently increased. Steps have been taken in England to prevent this, and provided they continue to be effective, this danger will, in part, be averted. The Government has stated that it will use its powers to prevent food profiteering or an unreasonable rise in food prices. Control obviously can not be extended over all articles, but in such cases, it is the staples which are of primary importance.

Perhaps the greatest danger of inflation lies in the demand which it creates for more money; with prices rising, the population feels that there is not a large enough supply of currency in circulation to take care of the requirements of the apparent increase in business activity. Tremendous pressure, both economic and political, is exerted to issue further sums of money; and the fallaciousness of all such reasoning is that this action produces a vicious circle, for an increase in circulation increases prices which in turn demand further circulation.

The second danger lies in inflation as a method of taxation. By inflation a Government can live for a long time and avoid the harshness of a tax imposed under conditions when the currency is strictly limited. An increase in currency transfers to the Government for each note issued the difference between the value of the original issue and the new value on the total issue outstanding. The incidence is upon the holders of the original note issue and the burden of the tax is well spread, can not be evaded, costs nothing to collect and

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falls, in a rough way, in proportion to the wealth of the victim.

Inflation in itself, however, is not wholly bad. Disorganization only follows when inflation is unchecked; in a mild form, it is always present in every period which we term as prosperity. In Britain's present plight, the inevitable inflation may be distinctly advantageous and a precursor to economic revival.

The dangers inherent in inflation can only be avoided by a strong and cautious policy, and the inheritance of British politics is the Asquithian formula of watchful waiting. For some time yet, the future will continue veiled; much depends on subsequent events in international trade and finance. Devaluation implies a considerable adjustment in the economic structure of a country undertaking such a step. It transfers, for example, purchasing power from the rentier class; this, however, is a criticism much overemphasized. The majority of contracts under the present economic organization are of a comparatively recent nature and their continual exchange and turnover automatically adjusts them to the purchasing power of the monetary unit. Unlike deflation, however, it places the burden of readjustment upon those most capable of supporting it, and in the long run it rebounds to their advantage as a class.

In the coming months when the immediate crisis has passed there will be in England much criticism of this action of going off the gold basis and every succeeding step will be the source of myriad arguments. There will remain those conservatives who feel that in all events the pound sterling should be restored to a parity of 4.8665 with our dollar; that otherwise the prestige of London will be gone; that England, not being a self-supporting country, will languish in the doldrums, her foreign trade shattered. The question again will arise of stability of prices versus stability of exchange. It will call forth again the discussion of the desirability and efficiency of gold as a standard. Since the unheeded pleas of Mr. John Maynard Keynes in the days when England was contemplating its return to the gold basis, the world's gold situation has been materially intensified. Between France and ourselves, the major portion of the world's gold supply is lying idle in bank vaults and the balance is probably insufficient to meet the requirements of all the nations now on the gold standard.

Important as such elements are in the problem, they are not the dominant considerations of the moment; they have been placed aside out of respect to the emergency; they will appear at a later date, to be met or compromised. But in any event, His Majesty's Government has taken the first step towards the solution of Britain's economic troubles; its action has at last pointed a way out where heretofore all roads had seemed to be closed.

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Fever in the South

By Winifred Sanford

A Story

Mr. Donovan took one hand from the steering wheel and drew his watch from his pocket. It was twenty minutes after five. In an hour, or an hour and a quarter at the most, he ought to be in the capital of the East Texas oil fields. He let the watch slip back into his pocket, and took the wheel again in both hands.

He had been driving, in the rain, since the middle of the morning. Well, he was used to driving, had put more than sixty thousand miles on his car in two years; and he was used to mud, knew how to push through it. He hadn't spent twelve years in the oil fields for nothing. Still, he wouldn't be exactly sorry when he got into town. His arms ached from the strain of holding the car in the ruts, and he was sick of hearing the rubber finger of his windshield wiper squeak back and forth on the wet glass. It wasn't much good, really, in a drizzle; it only spread the mud, which splashed up whenever he met a car, a little more evenly over the surface, but it was better than nothing. Luckily there were few cars going west; nineteen out of every twenty were headed east, with Mr. Donovan.

Through the blurred wash of mud on the windshield he made out a red flag, presently, swinging from the end of a trailer. Another load of drill pipe bound for the oil fields — six inch drill pipe, he saw, as he cut in ahead of the truck. Well, he had heard they were using six inch in East Texas.

Ahead of him, as far off as he could see, were other trucks with their trailers, and other cars slithering along in the soft red mud. Drilling rigs, which had been lying idle for a couple of years, likely, in West Texas and Oklahoma and New Mexico, were moving in. He saw slush pumps and boilers and drill pipe and casing. And everything else that went with a boom — oil field workers in old Fords; promoters, like himself, in Buicks or Cadillacs; hamburger stands on wheels; wagons loaded with household goods; and all the way along, rain or no rain, the hitch-hikers, with their coat collars turned up, and their paper bundles under their arms, begging for rides.

Mr. Donovan had seen the same thing plenty of times before — in Burkburnett and Mexia and Borger and El Dorado and Wink and Hobbs, but for once he couldn't warm up to it. He didn't trust it. He had been

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burned too many times in the last few years; and now that the big companies were down on him, and the Government — now that you couldn't sell your oil even if you had it; well, he was through; that was all; he was ready to quit.

One thing he was sure of: he might look things over in East Texas; he might even block up some acreage and do a little trading; but he wasn't going to drill. He was through. He was broke, to begin with — flat broke — and he had more oil now than he could sell. No, the other fellows could gamble if they wanted to; he would keep out of it.

He ploughed on through the mud, slowing down when he had to, cutting in ahead when he could, never dropping under fifty miles an hour when he had a clear stretch of road. It began, presently, to grow dark. Through the slanting rain, he could see the pines ahead, on both sides of the road — East Texas pines. This morning it had been mesquite; this afternoon it had been oak; now it was the piney woods.

He began to see signs of the town. Here was pavement — an airport — a tourist camp — filling stations and grocery stores; then houses, after a while, and schools and churches and office buildings and hotels, and a courthouse, at last, in the middle of its square.

The streets were black with cars. Mr. Donovan saw licenses from everywhere — Arkansas, Michigan, California, New York, Pennsylvania. It took him a good twenty minutes to find a place to park. And there were so many people on the sidewalk that he could hardly push his way through — not town people, either, but oil men, geologists and lease hounds and mail order promotors and drillers and, now and then, a roughneck, though most of them stayed nearer the fields. They looked mighty good, somehow, to Mr. Donovan. They looked like old times, before the oil business went on the rocks.

A hand came down on his shoulder.

"Donovan, how're you making it?"

"Not so bad!"

Yes, sir, it was like old times. Everybody was good-natured; everybody was hopeful; everybody was going to make a lot of money. There was a different atmosphere, somehow. It made you feel that maybe times weren't so bad after all.

Mr. Donovan squeezed along through the crowd. There was a beggar without any legs propped up against the wall of a building, holding out his hat. Mr. Donovan tossed him a quarter. Say, now, this was great! Here were fellows he had known years ago, in other booms, and forgotten. It sure seemed good to see them again. And they were all talking money. East Texas was the biggest field yet; you got oil wherever you went after it; you couldn't miss it; a man was a fool not to get into the play. . . .

At the hotel, the lobby was packed to the doors and the crowd had overflowed onto the sidewalk. Mr. Donovan didn't even try to get inside. He knew what it was like, anyhow: under the haze of cigarette smoke the oil men would be milling about, holding maps up against the walls, scribbling down descriptions in little memorandum books, puzzling over abstracts. There would be map

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dealers, and brokers with blackboards, and a few women — geologists' wives, likely, swinging their boots from the rail of the mezzanine floor.

It was an old story to Mr. Donovan, and yet — well, it was beginning to get him. He couldn't help himself, somehow. It braced him up like a good stiff drink.

"Hello there, Donovan."

"Hello, Mac, how do things look?"

"They look mighty good, Donovan, mighty good."

"Suppose I can find a place to sleep tonight?"

"Try the Chamber of Commerce; they'll find you a room."

Mr. Donovan shouldered his way towards the café on the corner. Half of the crowd, it looked like, was broke and begging, and he was continually handing out nickels and dimes and quarters. "Here you are, son. . . . No, I don't know where you can get work — just came down myself half an hour ago."

In front of the café, where the mob was huddled in the rain, Mr. Donovan fell into line. Through the window he could see the crowded tables, and the waitresses slapping down platters and swinging cups and saucers, and whenever the door opened, he could smell the grease and the onions and the coffee.

All around him they were talking about wells — twenty thousand barrel wells, thirty thousand barrel wells, fifty thousand barrel wells. Mr. Donovan found himself nervously scratching his hands. If a man only knew where to go, now! If he could only count on his luck! If he could only get hold of a first class fortune teller — a girl like that Rita, up at Borger, who had told him, three or four different times, where to drill, and had hit it right, too, by God.

Mr. Donovan craned his neck. He had caught sight of a driller who had worked for him once in the Electra field. He whistled and shouted and presently he had him by the arm.

"Joe, how does it look to you?"

Joe was cock-eyed with excitement. "Prettiest thing I ever saw, Mr. Donovan."

"Think it's going to hold up?"

"Sure I think it's going to hold up."

"You'd get into the play, then, would you?"

"Say," said Joe, "I heard you was quitting. . . ."

"Quitting?" said Mr. Donovan. "Me quitting? Hell, no, I ain't quitting — not yet awhile."

II

IT MUST have stopped raining sometime in the night, for the sun was shining when Rita woke up and looked out of the tent. Tom was up, ahead of her, and he was busy unloading the truck, and piling their things in the wet grass. Rita saw the red and yellow curtain she always hung over the tent door when she was telling fortunes, and her little table and her two straight chairs. Tom was sure a hustler. First thing she knew, he'd have the side of the truck propped up, and his tumblers and paper napkins out on the counter, and he'd be serving meals to the roughnecks.

Yes, it had stopped raining all right, but it was still wet here in the woods. Drops kept splashing down from the pine trees, the tent smelled

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musty, and the quilts were soaking, where they had dragged on the ground. Rita would sure be glad when Tom had time to set up the bedstead. All they had done last night, when they got to the oil fields, was to put up the tent, and throw out the bedsprings and the mattress and a couple of quilts.

They hadn't even taken off their clothes, they were that tired — only just their shoes and stockings. Well, that was all to the good; they didn't have to waste any time this morning getting dressed. Rita sat up and squeezed her bare toes into her sticky shoes. It wasn't any use putting on her hose; they were still wringing wet from last night. After a while, maybe, she'd have a chance to rinse them out and hang them somewheres to dry.

She ran the comb through her hair and felt her earrings to make sure they were safe. Then she ducked out from under the tent, and stood up, and twisted her dress around where it belonged. After a while, when they got settled, she would tie her scarf over her head, so folks would know who she was.

"What's the matter of this place?" said Tom.

"There ain't nothing the matter of it."

It did look, sure enough, like they had picked them out a good place. They were so close to the wells that they could hear the steam puffing, and they were right on the road, and they were in among a lot of other campers, who had to eat, she reckoned, like anybody else.

There must have been a thousand people, anyhow, camping along the edge of the woods. Most of them had tents, but some slept in their cars, it looked like, or maybe out on the ground; and they cooked over open fires. Every place she looked, Rita saw them squatting by their fires, trying to get the wet twigs to burn. On one side of her was a tent piled full of willow pieces — fern baskets and porch rockers and such. Well, Rita had never seen a boom yet where there weren't people selling willow pieces — and paper roses. On the other side was a sign painter. Rita could see his cans of paint and his brushes. She'd trade him a meal ticket, maybe, if he'd do her a new sign — "Madame Rita, Spiritualist" — to nail on a tree.

"Say," said Tom, "how about getting some water while I finish unloading, eh?"

"Where'll I get it? Out'n the creek?"

"Naw," said Tom, "I been there, but it's too damn muddy from the rains. There's wells around somewhere, though. . . ."

"All right," said Rita. "Gimme the buckets and I'll get you some water."

With a bucket in each hand, she set out, presently, along the edge of the road. Except for the pine trees, which gave her a kind of shut-in feeling, this was just like all the other oil fields she had seen. There were the same horses, sweating and straining at their loads; the same oil men honking behind them, trying to get past; the same wagons, with bedsprings and washtubs and oil stoves and washtubs and crates of chickens; the same hamburger stands; and, as you came closer to the railroad tracks, the same signs — "Townsite lots, $50 — Gas and electricity — high and dry"; and the same new

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pine shacks, with children standing in the doorways and women hanging the bedding out to air. There was the usual old fellow with a stock of rusty gas heaters to sell, and another with a load of furniture he had trucked in from somewhere — cots mostly, with a few chairs and tables.

Rita was mighty glad to see so much going on. She sure was. She liked a boom, anyhow. She liked the excitement. She liked the crowds, and the phonographs, and the smell of the coffee, and the rangers sitting on their horses with their guns in their holsters. And she liked the oil men sneaking into her tent to have their fortunes told. She liked to see them sitting there, in the half dark, listening to her talk. "You stand to make a lot of money if you work it right, but you got to watch out for somebody that's trying to double-cross you. . . . There's something telling me you should go to the south. No, I can't see just where, only it's south and not north." It was a racket, that's what Tom said, but she had made some lucky guesses, and her clients had a way of always coming back.

Well, here she was at the cross-roads. There were a few buildings which must have been here before the boom, a drug store and a café and a general store and a church — but all around, everywhere, were new pine shacks and corrugated iron warehouses. And cars! The cars were packed in so solid you could have stepped from one to the other clear down to the tracks without ever setting your foot on the ground. And sitting on the running boards and bumpers were the bums, all kinds of them, old fellows with whiskers and no teeth, and boys with thin white hands, and now and then an honest to God oil field worker out of a job.

Rita pushed through to a filling station. Sometimes, if an oil field town was big enough, it had a water system, and you could find hoses with faucets in the filling stations, but here there wasn't anything but a barrel, and the boy sent her off.

It wasn't any use trying the cafés or the hotels; she knew that. No, what she wanted was a farmhouse, with its own well, and she saw one, pretty soon, off to one side of town, in a grove of pines. At least it had been a farmhouse once; you couldn't tell what it was now, because there were rusty boilers lying out in the yard, and tanks and one thing and another, and a sign nailed to a tree saying "Bed and Board," and around by the well, there was another sign saying "Home Laundry," and a woman, running overalls through the wringer of a washing machine.

"Would you mind if I was to help myself to some water?" asked Rita.

"No, I don't mind. Go ahead if you want to."

"Much obliged," said Rita.

She walked back to camp the same way she had come, slipping in the mud, now and then, and wasting water on the ground, but that was something she couldn't help. Anyhow there was enough left for the coffee, and she'd go back, after a while, and get some more.

"Say," said Tom. He had his little white cap on his head, and his apron tied around his waist, and he had come down the road to meet her. "You remember a bird named Donovan?"

"Sure I remember Donovan."

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Tom jerked his thumb towards a muddy coupé parked on ahead, "That's him a-setting up there, waiting."

"Sure enough!"

"He seen me unloading," said Tom, handing her a red silk scarf and taking the buckets himself. "He wants you should tell him where to drill."

Rita wound the scarf around her head and tied it at the back of her neck. "Didn't I tell you they always came back?" she said; and she left the road and circled through the woods so that Mr. Donovan mightn't see her until she was ready for him. As for telling him where to drill, well, that ought to be easy, with all the oil there seemed to be in East Texas. . . .

III

Moses had been messing around since sun-up, patching his fence, and making him a gate out of the foot to an old iron bedstead a white man had traded him, a while back, for a load of firewood. He was kneeling on the ground, studying how to fasten it to the gatepost, when he heard what sounded like a car a good piece up the road.

Moses cocked his head and listened. It was a car all right, and it was coming his way, through the piney woods. The hound dog growled and the children quit playing. They had been rolling tin cans down the slope in front of the cabin, but now they slunk up to Moses and stood gaping, with their eyes bulging out.

"What you scairt of, anyhow?" said Moses.

Fact was, though, he was scairt himself. Nobody hardly ever came to his place unless it was the laws, looking for stills, and Moses was scairt of the laws. He didn't have a still, but he was scairt of the laws anyhow. And he could see now that it was a sure enough white man in the car, and that he was turning in. . . .

"You shet your mouth," said Moses to the hound dog. The children had run in the house to Lovie, and he could see them in the window.

He watched the car slow down for a mudhole and teeter up the slope and rock along towards him like it was fixing to run him down. Then it stopped, and the white man got out, and banged the door shut, and came walking over to Moses. He wasn't a law, though. He wasn't anybody Moses had seen up till now — a middling-sized gentleman, heavy set, with a wide felt hat and a leather coat and breeches and boots.

"Mornin', boss," said Moses, pulling his hat off and rolling it in his fingers.

"Your name Tatum?" asked the stranger. He had a short way of talking and Moses couldn't hardly follow what he said.

"Yes, sir, boss," said Moses, after a minute. "That's what I is called, sir — Moses Tatum, boss, that's what I is called."

The white man grunted. "My name's Donovan," he said.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Donovan."

Moses felt mighty low. He turned his hat around and around in his fingers. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Lovie coming out of the house — easing down the steps — limping along — stooping over to pick up the hoe. . . .

Mr. Donovan looked around him, all around him, this way and that.

"You own this place, Moses?"

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Moses took his time answering. He didn't know what to say. Fact was, he was scairt to say anything. It seemed like white folks made you say whatever they wanted you should say. He shifted his feet and swallowed, and then he looked all around, just like Mr. Donovan. He studied his house, with its mud chimney, and its gallery, sagging down where the blocks had rotted, at Lovie's black boiling kettle, at her collard greens, at the old wagon, at the hogs, at the chickens, at the mule, backing up to Lovie like he was fixing to kick out at her, at his cotton patch, at his corn field. . . .

"Well, do you own this place or don't you?"

Lovie heard what Mr. Donovan was saying, and she stuck out her under lip and wrinkled up her forehead. "Mornin'," she said. Lovie was scairt of white folks, more scairt than any of them, and she made her voice gross so as they mightn't know it.

"Yes, sir," said Moses, without looking at Lovie. "Yes, sir, I owns my place."

"Where'd you get it? Buy it?"

"No, sir, I done inherit this land from my mama."

"How much do you own? Twenty acres?"

"Yes, sir. I owns twenty acres, that's what I owns."

"Your mother's dead, is she?"

"My mama's in the ground fourteen year come August."

"Any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes, sir, I done had seven sisters and six brothers."

"What's become of them?"

"They's in the ground, boss, ever one."

"All dead, eh?"

"Yes, sir, boss."

Lovie stepped up closer and leaned on the hoe. "What you fixin' to do Moses?" she said.

Mr. Donovan laughed. "I'm fixing to make a rich nigger out of Moses."

"How you do that?"

"It's like this," said Mr. Donovan, "I'm fixing to drill a well, see?"

"We done got us a well," said Lovie.

"Not the kind I'm fixing to drill. I'm fixing to drill an oil well. I'll make a rich nigger out of Moses yet."

"No you ain't," said Lovie, and the hound dog at her heels began to grumble in his throat.

Moses coughed. "You shet your mouth. I wants to hear 'bout this oil well. What you mean a oil well, boss?"

Mr. Donovan sure talked fast. Moses had to pucker up his forehead and hold his head to one side and watch Mr. Donovan's lips mighty close to hear what he said.

"You don't make more than a bare living out here, do you, Moses?"

"I dunno, boss; I gets by. . . ."

"Listen here, Moses, if you do what I say, you'll have more money than you'll know what to do with. I'm fixing to drill a wildcat, see? And I got to have around six hundred acres. It's up to you niggers to get together and meet me half way. I'll play fair with you; I'll make you the best proposition I can, and then, if you're satisfied, I'll move my rig in and drill. . . ."

"You wants to buy my place, boss?"

"No, I don't want to buy it; I want an oil and gas lease, that's all."

"I ain't looking for to sell it, boss."

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"All you have to do is say I can drill, see? And if I bring in a well, why then an eighth of all the oil belongs to you — provided your title's good, that is."

"What you say belong to me?"

"An eighth. That's your royalty, see?"

"That's my royalty. . . ."

"Sure. You'll be a rich nigger."

"And you ain't fixin' to put me off my place?"

"No, I ain't fixing to put you off your place."

Moses twisted inside his shirt. He didn't see how he was going to make a trade with Mr. Donovan when he didn't understand what it was all about . . . a oil and gas lease . . . a wildcat . . . a eighth of the oil. . . .

He looked helplessly at Lovie. She was turning the hoe handle round and round in her fingers, like she was fixing to run Mr. Donovan off the place.

"I dunno, boss," said Moses, "I got to study on it a while."

"What I better do," said Mr. Donovan, "is call a meeting of all you landowners in the schoolhouse. That's what I'll have to do. I'll call a meeting. I'll come back later and tell you when, see? I'll get you niggers all together and make you a proposition."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Donovan climbed in his car and started his engine up so quick that Lovie like to have fell over the hoe.

"If anybody else comes along," said Mr. Donovan, leaning through the window, "you tell him you're tied up with me, see?"

"Yes, sir, boss."

Moses watched Mr. Donovan's car weave up the road between the pines. "What he mean?" he mumbled. "A oil well. . . ."

Lovie's face was screwed up, and she was clutching the conjure bag she wore around her neck. "I dunno," she said. "I dunno. But he don't mean no good; that's sure; he don't mean no good."

IV

ALTHOUGH it was only the middle of the morning, Miss Carrie was so tired that her hands trembled and the blood thumped in her temples as she smoothed the counterpane over her bed. She had had very little sleep the night before. The telephone had rung every few minutes until midnight. "No," she had said, firmly, over and over again, "Mr. Donovan is not in, and I do not know when he will be in." Then, at a quarter after one, the geologist had awakened her, thumping up the stairs, and she had just been dropping off to sleep again when she heard Mr. Donovan. And at seven, the carpenters had begun to hammer and saw on the new apartment house on the corner.

Miss Carrie combed the hair from her silver-backed brush, rolled it around her finger, and dropped it into the hair receiver on her dresser. She knew that she ought to hurry. She knew that Mr. Donovan was waiting for her downstairs, and that he was impatient to get out to his well, but he would have to give her a little time. She was too old a woman to learn new ways, and she had to do things properly, oil well or no oil well.

Besides, this trip to the well was Mr. Donovan's idea and not hers —

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even though she was curious to see this oil which had already made such a difference in her daily life. Who would have supposed, two months ago, that she would rent out her guest room, with its old walnut furniture, or the other room, which had been her son's before he married? Or that Savannah would leave her, after sixteen years, to work in the hotel? Or that the town, where she had lived all her life, in peace and quiet, would be so crowded with strangers that she would have to force her way through its streets? Or that the corridor of the red brick courthouse would be blocked with tables and chairs and girls copying records on typewriters? Or that the church where she had worshipped for fifty years would be sold to make room for an office building?

It was all very unpleasant, and Miss Carrie pressed her lips together as she lifted her hat from its box on the closet shelf and slipped her coat from its hanger. Of course she was glad, in a way, that prosperity had come to East Texas, but she could not help resenting the oil men, who had swarmed in like locusts, and settled on the town. There had been a steady procession of them for weeks now, knocking at her door, demanding room and board. Yesterday, one had asked if her parlor was full — and her dining room — or if she would be willing to screen off part of her front gallery with awnings, and set up a cot for him there. And there were others — panhandlers, her son called them, who knocked at the back door, late at night, often, when she was alone in the house, and begged for food.

All of Miss Carrie's friends and neighbors had the same experience, and they all felt as she did about their roomers. Oil men were so irregular in their habits; they kept such impossible hours; they neglected to lock the bathroom doors; they wiped their muddy boots on the linen towels; they brought strangers home to share their beds. You could never tell whom you were likely to meet, in pajamas, in your own hall. And of course there was the telephone, and the long distance calls on the bill at the end of the month. . . .

Miss Carrie drew on her gloves as she stepped softly down the stairs. She had been right about Mr. Donovan; he was impatient to be off, sitting nervously on the edge of his chair, twirling his hat in his hands.

He began to apologize for his car as he helped her down the steps. He had been carrying supplies to his well, it seemed, and the cushions were stained with mud and grease, but he would spread a newspaper for her to sit on, if she liked.

Miss Carrie braced her feet on the floor and held onto the door as Mr. Donovan swept around the corner and dodged through the traffic which filled the streets. How fast he drove! And how impatiently he honked when he had to wait at a crossing! Miss Carrie wondered what her son would say if he could see her now, sliding around on a newspaper, in a muddy car, with an oil man from West Texas. . . .

She didn't see her son, however, or any one else she had ever seen before. She saw oil men, of course, hundreds of them, in their breeches and boots, and slovenly women car-

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rying paper flowers from door to door, and boys selling sandwiches and pralines on the courthouse steps, and blind beggars, and old Negroes with guitars, but they were strangers, all of them, who had drifted in with the boom.

Even the buildings had changed. Almost every house had a new roof or a new wing. The church house stood empty, with its door swinging in the wind, and the parsonage was an office building. There were muddy cars parked under the blossoming peach trees in its yard.

Even the country, she noticed presently, as they crossed the railroad tracks and left the town behind them — even the country had changed. There were still green pines and pink redbud and white flowering dogwood, in the distance, but all along the road, on both sides, were shacks and tents and corrugated iron buildings, and hamburger stands, and filling stations. And such people! Miss Carrie had been familiar with poverty all her life, but this wasn't poverty; it was something she didn't have a name for — something a great deal lower than poverty.

There were trucks on the road, loaded with what she supposed must be drilling equipment, and Mr. Donovan was continually blowing his horn and trying to pass them. Once he very nearly slid into the ditch, and Miss Carrie was thrown against the door as the car swerved around. A little farther on, a load of pipe had tipped over, and they had to wait until it was righted.

Now that they were farther from town, the campers were fewer, and the shacks disappeared altogether. There was nothing for miles but the piney woods and the Negroes' little farms in the clearings, and their schoolhouses and churches and burying grounds. Ever since Miss Carrie could remember, it had been like this — a poor country perhaps, but dear to her, nevertheless.

"Now if you'll look over there," said Mr. Donovan, when they had been riding for an hour or so, "between those two tall pines . . ." He leaned over the steering wheel to point ahead. "You can see my derrick."

Miss Carrie looked. Yes, she could see the top of a great wooden skeleton, like an armless windmill tower, more than anything else. The next minute, however, she lost it, for Mr. Donovan left the highway and turned off on a rough trail of some sort which wound down a hillside and across the bed of a creek.

"Just a few minutes now," said Mr. Donovan, "and we'll be there."

"There are no other wells in this neighborhood?" asked Miss Carrie. He had told her all about it, more than once, but she could never quite follow him, he talked so fast and about so many technical matters.

"No, ma'am, it's pure wildcat — no production within eighteen miles. It's funny about that," he added. "A fortune teller, she told me where I'd hit it. That's the fourth or fifth time she's guessed right for me. It don't seem reasonable, but it sure works out. . . .

"I got this particular lease from a nigger," he went on after a minute. "Told him I'd make a rich nigger out of him, and I would have, too, if he'd hung on, but he let some birds from Fort Worth talk him out of his royalty, a couple of days before the

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well came in, and now he's moving off. They only gave him five hundred for it, too."

Mr. Donovan turned a corner, just then, and came to a stop beside his well. There were a great many cars parked beside the derrick — so many, in fact, and so many people standing in the way, that Miss Carrie could see very little until Mr. Donovan had helped her up the oil spattered steps to the derrick floor. Even then she saw little enough that she could understand. There was a greasy contrivance, with many wheels, which Mr. Donovan called a Christmas tree; and a pool of mud spread over with swirls of purple oil, which he called a slush pit; and a great deal of machinery, and a pipe running down to a row of tanks; and another pipe running over to three great boilers, whose stacks were wired to trees; and a tall iron mast which was hissing and spraying a mist of black oil on the corner of a cabin.

So this was an oil well!

And this was the Negro's cabin!

It was a cabin, she could see, like any other in the piney woods — a two room shelter, with a sagging gallery, a homemade mud chimney, a plank outside the door for the wash basin, collards blooming yellow in the garden patch, a gate made from part of a bedstead. . . .

When Mr. Donovan went off, presently, to inspect his tanks, she walked over to it. Around the corner, behind the cabin, the Negro was moving out. He had loaded his wife and his children and his dog and his chickens and his hogs into a ramshackle wagon, along with the washtubs and mattresses and quilts; he had fastened the bedsprings to the side; now he was trying to back a stubborn mule between the shafts. Where would they go, she wondered? Where would they find a home?

She walked back to Mr. Donovan's car, and smoothed the newspaper under her as she sat down. She was very tired, and the smell of the gas and the oil had made her a little sick. Resting her head in the corner, she closed her eyes and clasped her gloves in her lap. It would have been better, she told herself, if she had stayed at home this morning. The well had been so little to see; and the old Negro moving out — that troubled her. It made her wonder if sooner or later, they would not all of them be turned out of their homes — if they were not all of them, like Esau of old, selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

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Why Not Another War?

By G. Peyton Wertenbaker

Observant readers of the native press have noticed a marked decline of late in special articles and reports of speeches predicting the horrors of the next war. The newspapers have been very busy, of course, with Presidential booms, assurances that prosperity will soon be back, and tidings of the 1931 crop of transatlantic flights. It is barely possible, too, that readers have lost their interest in the next war and its terrors; they may not be so certain after all that another war will mean the downfall of civilization. Or it may be that the press, at this time when international affairs have once more reached a satisfactory condition of unrest, is reluctant about discouraging potential armies, potential subscribers to the next Liberty Loans, potential believers in God's perference for the United States as a disciplinarian of nations.

Some years ago, not only in this country but in large sections of Europe, we were being persuaded that another war had become practically an impossibility, because it would be a catastrophe from which the world could not recover. Nothing terrified the citizenry more than this prospect except the occasional approach of lonely comets; to have suggested publicly that such a war might not be really so great a disaster as it was described would at that time have been nearly as dangerous as to have shouted "*Deutschland über alles!*" in 1917 in the midst of a parade of doughboys. For every story in the Sunday news magazines relating the scandalous behavior of England's higher nobility there could be found at least two accounts of the latest mysterious death engines, ranging from poison gases capable of destroying the population of New York City in six seconds to rays which would disintegrate entire armies in an instant.

At the time when this propaganda was current the business depression had not attacked us. Germany was maintaining her reparation payments in good order and quietly rebuilding her military and naval defenses; France was growing rich; England was too much occupied with strikes and colonial troubles to worry seriously about another war; it had not yet occurred to anybody that the Soviet Five Year Plan might be a success; and in the United States we were all buying new automobiles. The world appeared to have been divided up to the satisfaction of even the most obscure Balkan races, and business was good everywhere. It seemed absurd then that political

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discord should ever be allowed to meddle with this wonderful state of peace and prosperity. Pacifists were encouraged in their denunciations of war. Writers with an eye turned toward Utopia were rushed into print. Novelists who made the last war appear excessively unpleasant were rewarded with handsome royalties.

The case of Erich Maria Remarque has a significance which has been ignored by the critics. When *All Quiet on the Western Front* was published in Germany it became immensely popular; it was read and praised impartially by Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Spaniards; it sold hundreds of thousands of copies in Europe. Then it appeared in this country, where its popularity was repeated with the customary American hysteria, and finally it was made into a motion picture. By the time I saw this picture the war fear had already abated. Audiences leaving the theatres where Remarque's film had been shown were wide-eyed and silent for a short while, but their high spirits were not long in returning. The War by now had become so unreal that it could no longer stir them very much; they had lost interest. When the film reached Germany we were startled by reports that it had been greeted with riots. News cables suggested that differences between the book and the film were to blame; that Germans resented the addition of what they considered American propaganda. Actually, of course, the only important objection to the picture was its propaganda for pacifism, more effective even than in the book. The business depression had arrived in Germany during the interval between *All Quiet on the Western Front* as a book and as a film.

The basic situations in European politics have not altered except for the better since the Peace Conference. Germany has become no more positive a threat to French security; the Polish corridor has not been enlarged; the reparations have not been made heavier but lighter. Nothing disturbs the various foreign offices of today which should not have disturbed them more profoundly ten years ago. The only essential change is that business, after seeming to attain a brisk normality, has fallen off again and that the people in all countries are consequently dissatisfied. Injustices which they ignored while they were reasonably prosperous stir them now because they can not so readily believe in the healing powers of time and economics. Things generally are not looking so rosy as they looked a few years back, when the next war was impossible to contemplate, and so the old bellicose mutterings which were once normal in Europe are being heard again. War is, after all, the readiest and most ancient solution to all international complications, political or economic. When business was bad among the Romans they would send out a naval expedition or two, a few legions into the colonies, and it was not usually long before business picked up. It is a technique just as likely — and just as unlikely — to succeed in Europe today. The only disadvantage of the method is that it does not always reward the nation which expects to be rewarded. This makes it all the more interesting.

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II

WHEN the pacifist campaign was at its height denunciations of war as a means of handling foreign problems resolved themselves into several definite statements, each based on the supposition that military machines are more destructive and less pleasant than they used to be. The postulate upon which this school of thought is raised is that war can no longer be confined to the soldiers hired to carry it on, nor restricted to a relatively small and decisive territory. The airplane and the increased deadliness of gases and other weapons, pacifists contend, has made war an uncontrollable menace to the civilian populations behind the lines and to the institutions — churches, libraries, colleges, factories — upon which civilization is founded. Another war of any impressive size, they believe, will wipe out most of the population and the hoarded culture of the world and will reduce the human race to savagery.

Specifically they claim that science has developed weapons so terrific that they can not be trusted in the hands of soldiers; that the loss of population which these weapons will bring about, both in young men cut to pieces and in helpless babes and mothers destroyed in their homes, will cripple mankind beyond repair; that the monetary cost of war will ruin the financial structure of the world; that the psychological effects of another war will be so horrible that the survivors will all go mad and begin eating each other; and, finally, that war is a futile and unintelligent way of settling differences anyhow. For these reasons, and for some others which I may have forgotten, it is assumed that humanity can not afford to fight any more and that humanity has sense enough to know and do something about it.

Any examination of these charges is hampered by the fact that nobody except a few military chiefs and scientists knows precisely what terrible new weapons have been developed since 1918. I seriously doubt whether the military men know themselves. A great deal was published about death rays a few years ago, but they have not been heard from lately. Whether the Governments suppressed them or the absurdity of the few demonstrations which they received took them out of the newspapers, it is impossible to discover. There may be weapons as miraculous as we are led to believe; on the other hand, there may not. In any case it may be predicted that whatever devices one Government may produce at the outbreak of the next war will be either already in the hands of other Governments or speedily duplicated. Spy systems are much too thorough nowadays for any nation to keep its secrets long. There will also be new and effective weapons of defense against these weapons.

The chief question upon which the nature of the next war depends seems to be the effect of airplanes upon modern warfare. The professional predictors believe that aerial fighting will spread the dangers of a war over an unlimited area and will constitute a grave menace to civilians. The supposition is that airplanes will not be confined as men, trucks, and horses are by the terrain of a country, and

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that they will be able to slip through the lines (even that there will be no lines to slip through) and devastate unprotected cities. Airplanes and zeppelins are expected to wipe out civilian populations in a night, while the soldiers lie innocently asleep at the front. Germany tried this sort of warfare on Paris and London during the last war. Some damage was done because the attacks were more or less unexpected and the defenses against them undeveloped. In the next war cities will be guarding against precisely these tactics, with batteries of such things as sound detectors and searchlights to warn of the enemies' coming, improved anti-aircraft guns and fleets of swift battle planes to fight them off.

One factor has been neglected by students of the new strategy. The very fact that the next war will probably be carried on to a large extent in the air should limit its area of destruction. There will probably be very little of the trench fighting which made the last war so unpleasant for the fighters. It is obvious that no combatant nation will be willing to send a large air force across the battle zone to wipe out civilian populations when it will thereby weaken its defenses and leave its own territory open to the attack of a similar air force. The forces of both sides will have to be concentrated where the war zone establishes itself. A very few battles should decisively destroy the balance of power between the two armies and leave the weaker nation at the mercy of the victor. It does not seem probable that two armies can go on battering at each other as in the last war, charging, retreating, counter-charging, laying down barrages, digging into trenches and shell holes.

Instead of introducing a new and incalculable element into military strategy, aerial warfare will probably revert to the most ancient tactics. Until a century or so ago there was only one way of carrying on a battle; two forces of men were brought together after some preliminary jockeying and thereafter the battle became a series of individual combats resulting in the extermination of one force or its reduction to so large an extent that the battle ended. A few men effectively placed with artillery and machine guns could not decide an issue as in the last war, where mass fighting with rifles and bayonets was hardly more than a formality and inexperienced armies such as our own were consequently as useful as Germany's highly trained army. In ancient warfare it was always the size of a force and the training of the individual soldiers in it which decided a battle. The same factors will be important in aerial warfare. It will be neither advantageous nor economical to employ big, cumbersome planes equipped with ingenious devices; many small, swift planes containing a pair of men and light weapons will be more effective. Airplanes can not be hidden in trees and trenches while they fight. They can not be destroyed in large numbers by heavy artillery. An aerial battle may therefore be expected to depend in the next war on the superior ability of individual fliers and on their numbers. Except for the minor difference of their equipment it will be not unlike a skirmish between two ancient Asiatic bands of nomads. The tactics of the armies involved will proceed from

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this basic principle of strategy and the area over which they can conveniently operate will be limited by the time it takes two air fleets to shoot each other down and by their cruising radius without refueling.

III

No prediction can make any pretense of accuracy. I can not prove that the next war will be conducted within the familiar restrictions of all previous wars any more readily than other writers can prove that it will lead to unlimited devastation. It appears to me, however, a sensible assumption, and I have suggested a few of my reasons. There are other serious problems created to make us avoid future wars, especially the cost in human life and the cost in cash. It hardly seems to me probable that many civilians will suffer in such a war — no more, at least, than in other wars — but a large number of eligible young men will probably be killed and a few billions of dollars' worth of machinery will certainly be destroyed.

The loss of men in the next war is an excellent idea to toy with at this time when Mr. Hoover is racking his brains to find a solution to our unemployment problem. All economists know that war is, next to plague and famine, which no longer need to be considered seriously, the most effective means in the world to reduce population. Unemployment is essentially the same thing as overpopulation. This country can theoretically support an immensely greater population than it has at present, but not on our existing scale of living nor under our existing economic system. Our unemployed therefore represent a surplus population as definite as any which can be found in the most crowded parts of China. The number of people a country can support is limited only by its ability to feed and house them, and nearly every country in the world at present is exceeding this limit.

The last war has been explained by economists as a result of overpopulation. According to Fueter especially, Germany's aggression in 1914 was the result of economic pressure, the need of an outlet for her surplus population. The manner in which this pressure operated was too complex and had too many widespread effects to be explained here; but primarily Germany desired colonies from France or England, territory upon which her surplus population (Germany's population had nearly trebled in a hundred years) could be placed. Instead, what colonies Germany had were taken away from her. Her human losses in the War did not materially relieve this pressure; her programme of business expansion before and since the War has brought no relief — is even under suspicion of having brought on the depression and its attendant misery. Today Germany suffers from a pressure of population as great as if the War had not been fought. The same situation exists in Italy, whose eyes are on the French colonies around the Mediterranean All the densely populated nations in the world are fascinated by England's dissatisfied colonies and by the badly ordered areas of the United States which could support more people if they were administered by an intelligent economic plan.

Not only the last war but, I am

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inclined to think, most of the recent economic troubles in this country and abroad may be attributed to surplus populations. Stupidity and ignorance on the part of the men who maneuver our commerce are responsible for the forms these troubles take — depression today, inflation tomorrow, unemployment all the time — and pure, reckless speculation in finance exaggerates them. We suffer first from a faulty balance between production and consumption which has reduced our need for human labor and given us facilities for almost unlimited production without allowing the entire population to share in the surplus goods we have learned to produce. We should be able to support an immensely greater population than we do; instead we grow wheat and manufacture instruments which nobody is able to buy. We have created an unemployed group estimated between two and ten million which remains a dead weight on our hands. We even manage to support them; otherwise they would all be dead.

Nothing can relieve this population surplus except a change in our economic system or an endless series of wars. Nations such as Italy and Germany are in a much more desperate situation; they have not our natural resources for supporting large populations even if they resort to a more rational economic system. Italy, for instance, is faced by this dilemma: she can not afford to go to war in order to secure the colonies she needs for her expansion, and has only the remotest chance of winning, yet if she does not go to war sooner or later she will be ruined. In such a dilemma Italy can not really lose by going to war; at least it will reduce her population, and the more destructive the next war turns out to be the more Italy will profit by it. Every population in the world today would be relieved by a longer and bloodier war than the last one. Another Black Plague would be just as effective, but war is more interesting than plague.

As to the monetary cost of war, I do not see that it is to be feared. Most of the cost will be in military property which the Governments of the world are going to manufacture anyhow; if they are not destroyed in war they will be scrapped to make way for improved models and to convince voters that war is being outlawed. The rest of the cost is in the destruction of irrelevant objects — a church here and there, a factory or two — which amounts to no great sum compared with the frivolous waste and destruction the most prosperous nations practise in times of peace under our present economic system. Business always improves for a few countries during a war, as the United States discovered after 1914. Most of the countries in the world today are so dissatisfied with existing business conditions that it will be worth their while to gamble on the prospects of a war.

We are told that the next war will have terrible psychological effects on us all, tending to disrupt our social organization. The people whom the last war produced (and who are rapidly disappearing under the influence of Prohibition, marriage, and American Legion politics) seemed to me infinitely more mature and real than any of the people who preceded them and who are following them.

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A single post-War decade has produced more sensible living, more honesty of thought, more decency, and more gaiety among our citizenry than the fifty years preceding it since the effects of the Civil War wore off. There is nothing psychologically more beneficial to a nation than a good, clean war. Without its sobering influence every generation or so, people grow stodgy, complacent, bilious, and moral.

We are also told that war is futile. So it is. Baseball is also futile, and night clubs and politics. Almost all the pursuits of civilized men and women are futile. In the solution of our social, economic, and ethical problems we can exercise more futility of thought than any lieutenant-colonel has ever exercised on taking the next hill. Anybody who has read the literature of the current business depression, who has heard the discussions of intelligent men on the subject of Prohibition, who has visited a Baptist church where the behavior of our youths and maidens is under consideration — anybody, in short, who has read a newspaper in the past few years of our great peace which is to endure forever should stand awed and silent for ten minutes and then toss a hand grenade through the window of the nearest foreign embassy. Peace is hell.

IV

UNFORTUNATELY, the next war will no doubt be as relatively mild an affair as the last one. I have very little sympathy with people who complain about the horrors of any war. We have by no means yet outgrown the infantile conception of our mediæval heroes — or what, at least, our grandfathers took to be the conception of these heroes — that fighting was a game somewhat more exciting than backgammon and considerably less rough than croquet. In the stirring age when knighthood was in flower war was about as stern as afternoon tea. The warriors did as little actual killing as possible (except from the safe anonymity of ambush) and were deeply offended when they found themselves routed by barbarous Tatars and infidel Ottomans who had no sense of chivalry but preferred to win their battles.

The late War is to my mind a perfect example of the effeminate condition of our times. First we were shocked because the German army had good sense enough to march through Belgium on its way to Paris. Then we were horrified to hear that our ships, when they sailed innocently in the submarine zone with nothing more incriminating than a load of munitions, were torpedoed and the passengers allowed to suffer from exposure in small boats until the enemy captains could summon assistance for them. From beginning to end the entire population of the belligerent nations quivered with indignation and disgust at the brutality of their foes. What did they expect war to be if not brutal? If Germany had stipulated in the first place that it was all to be in fun, the winner to receive a silver loving cup and a memorial banquet, there might have been some excuse for our indignation. But Germany proceeded on the naïve theory that wars are fought for the sake of conquest, without rules. War is by definition the negation of treaties, chivalry,

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and international law. Even the Germans were too delicate to carry on the war in anything remotely like the robust fashion of their nomadic ancestors.

The brutality of war is no new invention, evolved from the cloistered recesses of a scientist's laboratory. Long before science was divorced from the priesthood, nations no less civilized than the United States and Germany committed "outrages" upon each other which would drive our bellicose inhabitants crazy. We are afraid that New York may be bombed; but a campaign among the Greeks and the Persians was incomplete unless all the cities in the path of their armies were sacked and obliterated. We are afraid that a few million wives and mothers may be gassed; but a Hebrew wife or mother who had not been raped at least once by the Romans, and probably disemboweled afterwards, could hardly feel that she had lived. What would have happened to a soldier who approached the enemy in the midst of a Tatar battle with his hands uplifted, screaming "*Kamerad!*"? Approximately, I think, what happens to a man today when he enters his broker's office and says, "Would you mind carrying that stock a few more days without margin?"

I trust it will not appear from these remarks that I have a brutal, militaristic disposition, or that I am plotting to assassinate the British ambassador. There have been no stauncher defenders anywhere of Mr. H. G. Wells's works and the Five Year Plan than myself; when the next war arrives I hope that I shall be far from the scene of hostilities, manufacturing shells or airplane motors. But I have learned not to confuse sentiment with practical affairs. I have read and invented hundreds of solutions for the various problems which confront the world today, but experience has taught me that these are merely the fantastic imaginings of a visionary. What the world needs, I am told, is a *practical* solution for its problems, and it is with that idea in mind that I have written this article.

With entire honesty I might urge all the nations of the earth to reduce their populations by other means than war, such as birth control and the elimination in lethal chambers of the criminal and the insane and unfit. I might call upon statesmen to practise more honesty and realism in their diplomatic relations, rather than the time-honored principles of secrecy and tact. I might advocate the restoration to Germany of her colonies and the transfer of a few dissatisfied colonies from England to Germany or Italy. I might plead for the abandonment of immigration and tariff barriers, for the free intermingling of trade and races. I might denounce nationalism and imperialism, demand that all flags be burned and that all jingoistic slogans be interdicted, that all patriotic societies from Mussolini's Young Italy and Hitler's Brown Shirts to the Daughters of the American Revolution be disbanded. These are all intelligent suggestions; but they are not practical.

War, I admit, is not an intelligent occupation for human beings, and I do not favor it on that basis. There should be more interest and more excitement, I should think, in drink-

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ing beer, listening to Mozart, or building up a Utopian civilization. But the populace does not agree; it has had a taste of war and post-war prosperity only to be plunged back into normal, unromantic times of comparative poverty again; it is dissatisfied with present conditions and eager for a panacea that will end them, yet scared to death of any intelligent proposal which might end them; it scrupulously avoids all sane and honest ideas, and creeps stubbornly along on the same principles which led us into the last war. People like this must really relish war. We have spent millions of dollars on excellent weapons and armaments — I do not like to see this investment standing idle, bringing in no returns.

When I search for a practical, business-like means of bringing back good times upon the earth I can find only one. We must have another war which will last longer, kill more men, destroy more churches, and cost more money than the last war. Otherwise we shall probably revert to savagery.

Effigy

By Faith Vilas

Shrinking from a too living sun,
The old house lies behind snarled trees
That root where rains have spilled their lees
To rise in wan effluvium.

Strange growths oppress the riven sills,
Across the door a spider weaves,
On broken window panes, the leaves
Tap out their dry antiphonals.

The floor sags under soundless fall
Of foot-steps, lighter than the dust.
The hinges wear a beard of rust,
And fungus flowers on the wall.

The house lifts in a muted prayer,
Gray slanting roofs, whose thin tips meet,
A lady, spent, upon her bier,
With pointed hands and feet.

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Mr. Wickersham in Retrospect

By R. L. Strout

Why did the Drys clasp his wet Report to their bosoms and the Wets disclaim it?

Let me state the problem in the simplest possible way:

When the Wickersham Commission brought out its famous report on Tuesday, January 20, 1931, seven of the eleven Commissioners went on record as favoring some immediate change in the dry law, while of the remaining four, three were ready to accept a national referendum after an appropriate interval. That verdict, in retrospect, seems overwhelming. It overshadowed other parts of the study. And yet, extraordinary as it is to recall today, this verdict — or rather the Report in which it was contained — was straightway heaped with the most bitter scorn by the very Wets which it would seem to favor, while the Drys figuratively clasped it to their bosom! The problem is, why did it happen that way?

The Wickersham Commission is dead and gone and there can be no effort to revive it. But Prohibition is as much alive today as ever and continues a matter of national controversy. In the light of retrospect is there nothing in the study of what President Hoover described as "an able group of distinguished citizens of character and independence of thought" of value to the present day? I believe there is. But I do not propose to discuss it here. My object is to probe the circumstances surrounding the preparation and presentment of the extraordinary Report in an effort to find the causes for the paradoxical and hysterical reception which it got. This is not a problem of Prohibition at all, but the problem of seeing how public opinion is molded in a democracy, and it involves an episode which, in the light of reflection, appears to have been one of the most picturesque in the nation's history.

At the outset let me offer a personal statement. Certainly any one discussing this subject should make his own prejudices clear. My own bias is probably on the side of Prohibition. It would be untruthful, however, if I did not admit that the Wickersham study has made upon me a considerable effect. Yet so far as it goes, I confess I feel none of the convert's characteristic enthusiasm. It is because, frankly, I think the Wets on the other side are stupid. Never more so than in their treatment of the Report. I defy almost

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any fair-minded middle-of-the-road citizen who has a strong dislike for liquor but at the same time an uneasy feeling that all is not well with Prohibition to read that scrupulously impartial and magnanimous presentment without experiencing some change. Dr. Irving Fisher of Yale confessed in print after reading it that it had to a degree altered his views, though by how much he did not say. But what was the reception of the Wickersham Report — a Report let me repeat for emphasis, for it lies at the heart of this article — in which seven out of eleven Commissioners announced themselves favorable to immediate change in the law, while three of the remaining four were prepared to consider a national referendum? What was the reception? Why, the document that might readily have become a rallying cry for modificationists was ridiculed and laughed at by a great majority of their spokesmen, and only at this late period is beginning, it seems, to attract some of their attention! Other Drys who have read the report profess themselves as perplexed as myself at the abuse of the Commission by the Wets. It appears to us that the Wets were simply outmaneuvered by their opponents. To put it bluntly, that the same bar-room obtuseness that made Prohibition a possibility in the first place is now alienating groups who might aid them in bringing about its changes.

But whether the Drys like it or not, there the verdict of the Wickersham Commission is, with substantiating detail on the difficulties of the present situation beyond anything yet gathered for circumstantialness and authority. To be specific, the verdict is contained in the eleven individual statements of the Commissioners at the end of the Report and one only needs to read them and add up the total to get the result. These opinions were available from the first, and yet despite their overwhelming character, the Report itself was the subject of extraordinary misconception that has extended to this day. What caused the misconception? I believe the reasons were, in the main, two, although each is capable of elaboration. In the first place, publication of the Report was badly bungled. This, as I see it, was partly the fault of the Commission, partly the fault of the White House, and very largely the fault of the press. In the second place, Wets and Drys alike had completely pre-judged the Wickersham Commission, and they could not at first believe that they had judged it wrongly, even after the Report itself was issued.

To take the question of publication first. The Commission did not even issue a summary of its Report. It prepared a document the size of a small novel and put it out without the slightest effort to digest it. It prepared, it is true, a list of conclusions and recommendations. But no one in America was more surprised, I believe, than some of the legally minded members of the Commission, when they found these recommendations uniformly referred to as a "summary." The crusading elements of the Wets particularly excoriated the Commission for failing to include what I have heretofore described as the seven-to-four "verdict" against Prohibition *status quo* and other matters in the alleged

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summary. I know no better answer to these charges than the simple one that the list of conclusions and recommendations was *not* a summary. It was nowhere referred to as such in the Report. The attack on the Commission in this respect simply amounted to designating something that is not a summary, a "summary" and then assailing your opponent because it does not summarize! The true attack, and a legitimate one, was that there was no summary. Each reader, each newspaper correspondent, had to dig out the seven-to-four verdict for himself. The Commission divided its 80,000-word Report into three parts: the first 40,000 words presenting a factual discussion of enforcement offering a mine of material for the Wets; the second part containing a brief four-page list of conclusions, as heretofore mentioned; the third part containing individual statements from each of the eleven Commissioners. Seven of the members, Anderson, Comstock, Loesch, Mackintosh, Found, Baker and Lemann, favored immediate change, and the two last favored outright repeal; three of the remaining four, Wickersham, McCormick and Kenyon, were prepared for a later referendum. This was the roll-call of the Hoover Commission after twenty months' study, in which at least one former Wet had become a Dry and several former Drys had become Wets. The record is history. But in the light of future efforts to guide public opinion by expert findings it must be pointed out that it was necessary to read each one of those eleven statements, amounting in all to about 40,000 words, to get the roll-call. So be it. The Commission prepared an able survey of the whole situation and then expected the press and public to read it. How stupid! How little it knew the press and the public. Of course it should have prepared a summary.

But this was not the worst mistake. The Commission's Report was misjudged because of something else. It was not even the overhasty handling of the Report by the White House when it was published that was at the root of the matter, though this contributed to the same end. Every one will remember even today the howls of rage against the White House that went up when the supposed contents of the Report were spread forth in print. It was not enough to say that the Commission had failed — the Hoover Administration had been dragged down with it. What were the grounds for attacking the White House through the Report? Why, because the same wet leadership in Congress insisted that the Report was "bone dry," and hence argued that a plot existed by which the verdict had been rendered in collusion with Mr. Hoover.

"The White House, under control of the Anti-Saloon League, directed the conclusions!" ejaculated Loring Black, Tammany Democrat, perfectly epitomizing the incredibly childish outlook of the whole present wet group in Congress. A verdict of seven-to-four against Prohibition in its present form would be about as popular in the Anti-Saloon League as a monograph by Mrs. Sanger in the Vatican State.

The rather remarkable error that the White House *did* commit passed almost without comment. Here was a

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report that had taken almost two years to prepare and that contained some of the best work of some of the brainiest men in America, and by that I refer to Newton D. Baker, George W. Wickersham and Roscoe Pound of Harvard. It was obviously sensational in character, and it was a complex and extended document that needed time and leisure to digest. What did the officials do with it? See that it got careful advance release over the great cities of the land before publication? See that it had a digest (though this, as I have said, was properly the duty of the Commission)? Did they give Washington correspondents who are the bottle neck through which America gets this sort of material (and who are so busy with political gossip as to be almost helpless before a non-political document of real importance) — did the authorities give these politically minded interpreters a chance to get the matter through their heads? They did not. They hurled this dynamite-laden Report out into America with a twenty-four-hour time fuse, or release date, and sat back and waited for the explosion. Correspondents got the Report at noon one day, for release at noon the next. It is obvious that in the mere nature of train travel, the Report could not have got much further in the brief time allowed than, let us say, Chicago, and by the time it arrived there it would have already been released in the East so that the Chicago editor would only have had the sad satisfaction of dropping his copy into the waste basket! The fact is the more extraordinary because Government departments make the habit of putting out relatively unimportant documents weeks in advance, so that they can be in the hands of distant editors for simultaneous publication over the nation. But this study of monumental importance got only twenty-four hours! The Report simply did not have national distribution.

Because the matter is so illuminating let us examine it a little further before going on to that fundamental reason which, I believe, was the real cause for the extraordinary misconception of the Wickersham Report. Let me here insert a table showing the number of copies made available by the Commission, by four public-spirited newspapers which published the document in full, and later by the Federal Printing Office. There is also given the date at which these copies were available.

Source	*Date Available*	*Copies, or Approx. Circ.*
Wickersham Com. (Adv. press copies)	Mon. noon, Jan. 19	2,500
N. Y. *Post*	Tues. eve., Jan. 20	102,612
N. Y. *Times*	Wed. morn., Jan. 21	416,995
N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*	"	292,164
U. S. Daily (Wash., D. C.)	"	41,346
U. S. Printing Office (Wash., D. C.)	After approx. 3 days	
	(1st Ed.)	30,000
	(2nd Ed.)	38,000
	(3rd Ed.)	1,500
		925,117

Though the above total seems large at first, it must be remembered that the first edition of Government copies did not affect the situation while public opinion was being crystallized; that distribution occurred entirely in two Eastern cities; and that free copies circulated by public-spirited newspapers mean a vast number of copies put into heedless hands. The facts are, therefore, that the correctives, which a plentiful sup-

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ply of actual copies of the Report would have had on the mistakes of ignorance or prejudice, were lacking. National distribution of the Wickersham Report, at a time when a hysterical country was forming its judgment of the document, did not exist.

I DO NOT believe that the foregoing reasons alone would have accounted for the extraordinary misconception which followed publication of the Commission's Report, though I have seen a whole nation misled for almost a day by erroneous press interpretations put out on decisions of the Supreme Court because of the same mechanical difficulties in mastering complicated documents not put out in advance. Nor do the two following more or less subsidiary details reach the final explanation, though they come close to it. One of these was the sheer physical task of "moving" a story of that sort by the telegraph key from Washington to outside points in such a brief interval. It would have tasked even the best newspaper organization. The first reading of the manuscript would take six hours. If it were done in relays, and it was so done in the Washington offices, the connecting links between the three parts of the Report would tend to be obscured. The telegraph men would have to start sending extracts of the stuff before the Washington office had finished reading it, simply to insure getting it to New York, St. Louis or California in time, while the home offices would have to wait on Washington hopefully for a "lead" later on. In fact, when the Report was published in abbreviated newspaper form, it gave every evidence of the hurry and lack of understanding with which its various parts had been pasted up.

Then finally there was the idiotic "enterprise" of the American press with which any big story of this sort has to contend. Not content to give all the brief time available to presenting the Report, the press associations with one accord immediately set about getting comments on the yet unpublished document! Prominent Washingtonians were actually roused from bed that night of Monday, January 19, to find out what they thought of something they had never seen.

And this brings me to the very heart of my story. Of course the people who were asked to give statements by the press were the very ones who had expressed themselves most strongly either for or against the prospective document in previous days. Now who were these people? Why, they were the professional Wets and Drys, with intermediate sprinklings of pro- and anti-Hooverites. The Wets were against the Report; the Drys were for it. They had been arguing and disputing over the Wickersham Report for twenty months before the Report was made public. There it is in a nutshell. The Drys were *for* the Report, long before it was issued; the Wets were *against* the Report. Neither side had waited to see what was in the Report. The whole matter had been pre-judged and decided in advance in the light of the individual's opinion on the merits of Prohibition.

Of course there is a possibility of exaggerating this charge, but

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there are files of a thousand editorial pages to witness the bias toward or against the Commission which existed. Did the phrase "Wicked-Sham Commission" originate after the Report was published? Of course not. Mr. Loring Black and his facetious wet friends had been applying it to the Commission for months before that January. The leaders who used that nickname took it for granted that the Commission would bring in a dry Report. By the same token, the professional Drys, from the outset, rallied to the Commission's defense, because it was a Hoover Commission, because Mr. Hoover was a Dry, and hence because they supposed the Commission would be dry, too. If they had no other reason they rallied to the Commission because the Wets hated it. There you have the fundamental reason for the reception which the Report finally got, to which the incompetent publicity-handling of the material was the contributory factor.

This was at the bottom of the situation when reporters scurried out on Monday and the morning of Tuesday, January 20, to get interviews on the yet unpublished Report. Washington, of course, is full of people ready to give to a reporter final judgment on any subject at any time, and the task of collecting comment was not hard. The reporter himself, who sought the statement, generally had not read or even seen the Report; he had perhaps been given a hasty coaching in the salient points as they were grasped by the head of the copy desk, and these he now passed on as well as he could to the man he was interviewing. The latter spoke by a sort of reflex action; accepted whatever was said as confirming his own solemn prognostications and proceeded to laud or assail the Report on the basis of earlier prejudices. Next day the newspapers carried columns of such comments, published simultaneously with the Report. Some papers carried more comment than Report. Editors reasoned, probably rightly, that the public would rather have somebody else make up its mind for it than to do the job itself.

The Wickersham Report, in brief, carried from the very moment of publication, a heavy load of subsidiary snap-judgment, culled from the most volatile of America's political publicity snatchers (examples will be given in a minute) and based largely on prejudices formed long in advance. Presentation of the true merits of the matter never had a chance.

To other distracting circumstances was added an attached statement from Mr. Hoover, in which the President seemed to disown his own Commission. The statement does not seem particularly sensational today and if anything merely emphasizes how far from dry the Report was. But newspapers featured Mr. Hoover's words and the comment of men from all over the country, and the long-awaited Report itself was frequently given a subsidiary place, or, as in the Baltimore *Sun*, an inside page.

LOOKING back on it all now, there is an element of humor in shuffling those old newspaper files. How extraordinary some of the comment seems! This applies, of course, to

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Drys as well as Wets. Here is the W. C. T. U. praising the Report. Here are Mr. Andrew J. Volstead, Mr. Grant Hudson, at that time dry stalwart in the House, and a score of other professionals hastily rushing to the defense of the document which if not absolutely wet was certainly damp. Of course, it is only fair to say that there was plenty of good material for the enforcement side within the voluminous document and its general conclusions.

The spectacle of the Wets, on the other hand, must cause sadness to any one who looks for intelligence in public affairs. They had no reason, like their adversaries, to confuse the issue. It might well have been to them a Heaven-sent gift, but they had thrown it away in advance. They attacked the Report on sight. The so-called crusading Wets were particularly hostile. The state of their moral indignation at this time has hardly been equalled on the North American continent since the sinking of the *Maine*, or the appearance of the "atrocity" stories in the World War.

Mr. Loring Black's charge that the White House had yielded to the Anti-Saloon League has been noted. Wet leaders like Mr. La Guardia and Mr. Campbell of Pennsylvania attacked the Report. "The Commission owes the country an apology!" cried Mr. Campbell. "It is an insult to the intelligence of the American people!" roared Mr. Tinkham, Massachusetts Wet leader. Senator Wagner, slightly less committal, remarked that "it appears to be a typical Hoover report" which was probably not a compliment; Senators Blaine and Glass, wet and dry alike but equally hostile to the Administration, attacked the document respectively as "useless verbiage," and a "useless waste of $500,000." Big Bill Thompson, of Chicago, with characteristic simplicity, dismissed the whole matter as "Hooey!" Pontifical Mr. Brisbane, a day later, writing from Los Angeles (where it will be remembered, the text of the Report was not available) declared "the Commission came out of a solemn conference and straddled the fence — you get the impression that gentlemen chosen for political purposes don't quite dare to say what they think." In Boston, the wet *Herald*, and the *Globe*, considered the Report a fizzle; various other wet papers asserted the Commissioners had further befogged the issue.

Now it must be recalled that these statements, practically in all instances, were issued by men who had never seen the Report. Most of them spoke by hearsay, not study. Presumably they responded as hundreds of others did whose statements are not given, to a sort of reflex action when the subject of "Wickersham Commission" was mentioned. They were for or against the Report "sight unseen." And they knew that if their opinion was to have any effect on the herd mind it must be got in early, and must be expressed emphatically.

Since this article is a study of public opinion and not the Prohibition question, it would be useless to cite from the Report itself to confute these critics. But that the latter would have modified their views by a more careful reading, or any reading at all, there can be little doubt.

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One incident is illustrative. The editor of a wet Boston newspaper which had bitterly denounced the Report on publication called up Dean Pound, a week later, and apologized for his earlier criticism. He explained that he had not read the Report when he wrote his attack; he had been misled by the wet clamor from Washington; but since then he had got the Report for himself and found out his mistake. The incident is probably typical. But how many men who submitted snap judgments at the time were able to recall their words later on, when they had an opportunity of seeing the document?

Among newspaper critics, probably the most vociferous was the Scripps-Howard New York *Telegram*, a crusading wet paper, which carried charges of discrepancies in the Report from the second sentence of its very first Washington dispatch on the subject, and that has never since relaxed its grim suspicion of the hapless Hoover body. Such relentlessness for a righteous cause would be exemplary. But the fact is that at the very time that the *Telegram* was frothing at the mouth in greatest indignation there was a sober background of thoughtful comment in New York, from sources certainly just as hostile to the dry law as the *Telegram*, which indicated the true facts in the matter. Thus, for example, the three conservative morning newspapers, whose wetness could not be doubted by any one, uniformly pointed out the real inwardness of the Commission's report.

The *Times* praised it. It had no difficulty in grasping and presenting the important fact in its first editorial that "six out of the eleven Commissioners are of one mind as to the one form of modification that should be adopted, if any" (namely, the Anderson Revision Plan) while in a front-page "box," and elsewhere in its news columns, it showed that in addition to these six, there was Mr. Lemann's blanket vote for repeal to make a total of seven Commissioners urging immediate dry law change. The *Times* made only one mistake in listing the Commissioners. It counted only two of the remaining four, advocating further trial, as prepared to consider a national referendum. Actually there were three of them, Commissioners Wickersham, McCormick and Kenyon.

Nor was the *Times* alone in taking a different view from the *Telegram*. No one can deny that the *Herald-Tribune* is and was a wet journal. While the *Telegram* was figuratively running amok over the Commission's treachery, the former paper was referring to the Report's "fairness, clarity and general excellence." Of course the *Herald-Tribune* did not have the strong anti-Hoover bias of the *Telegram*, but even so it is hard to understand how the editors of the *Telegram* could have let this bias influence it after Mr. Hoover had publicly stated in effect that the Report was too damp for him.

Again, the strongly wet *World* was not daunted by the derisive whoops of the Congressional wet leadership — although later Mr. Lippman gave credence to a so-called "plot" — and in its initial editorial insisted that the Commissioners actually "take a defeatist view of the noble experiment."

Many more instances could be

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adduced to show that a different view of the Report was evident to those who had not blinded themselves by advance prejudices. Mr. Henry H. Curran, for example, head of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment on January 22, politely points out the "painstaking" nature of the Report, condemns Mr. Hoover's rejection of its findings, and asserts its essentially wet nature. How different the wet effort to revise the dry law might have been if the modificationists of the country had listened to such advice as this, instead of being stampeded into rejection of a strong weapon by the hot-headed fanatics of their side who had to save their faces from silly earlier jibes by proving the Commission's duplicity!

With all respect to the editors of the New York *Telegram*, that paper may be taken as typical. The *Telegram* began its news treatment of the Report with an attack on alleged contradictions. It must be pointed out of course that the idea of retaining, but of revising the Eighteenth Amendment, was practically born with the Commission. The difference between repeal and revision was obvious enough to a Commission that had been studying the matter two years, but it could not be readily grasped by an hysterical zealot for repeal, for it was, in essence, a compromise. Hence the immediate confusion and the insistent charge of discrepancies as contained in the first Washington dispatch to the *Telegram* and in its first headlines. The dispatch said:

> The Commissioners' report declared in opposition to repeal, *although in curious contradiction*, a majority of the members of the group expressed themselves in appended statements as being in favor either of repeal, or of immediate revision of the prohibition laws.

The point was emphasized by the headline of the *Telegram*, "Hoover and Dry Board Oppose Repeal, Majority Favors Liquor." "(Figure it out yourself — we can't — Editor.)"

The second day, the *Telegram* had discovered an amazing plot by which President Hoover had doctored the Report, and thereupon denounced the "amazing trickery" of the body, but added that "courageous individual statements leave most of the Commissioners with clean hands. But there is dirt somewhere."

And the day later, with the "plot" fully established, it thundered:

> We share the feeling, which seems to be growing in public opinion, that the deception involved in the Commission's summary as contrasted with the Report itself is a national disgrace and humiliation.

The facts as to the "summary" have already been explained. It is an entertaining sidelight that Mr. Heywood Broun, the *Telegram's* columnist who seems to have got hold of the actual Report (doubtless from the *Telegram's* rival, the New York *Post*, for the *Telegram* did not print it) was writing in his column that the "Wickersham Commission has done a surprisingly good job." However, after a day's denunciation by his paper he seems to have thought better of it, and next day referred to the whole thing as a "fiasco."

The so-called "plot" charge, so reminiscent of the hysterical atrocity stories of the War, was born in the positive and direct affirmation car-

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ried in a press association copyright dispatch from a White House correspondent and published in the Washington *Herald* (a Hearst paper) and elsewhere over the country, that President Hoover had deliberately intervened to alter the document, as follows:

> A report that President Hoover persuaded the Wickersham Commission to abandon a tentative recommendation in favor of revising the Eighteenth Amendment *was confirmed in an authoritative quarter here last night.*

This flat statement — which carried no if's and but's — immediately received widest circulation at a time when Congressional denunciation was at its height. It was picked up and rewritten by other Washington correspondents; was broadcast over the Columbia radio circuit by Henry Kaltenborn, a radio news editor, that night; and was the forerunner of a series of bitter attacks by editorial writers, of whom Mr. Walter Lippman was the most able. The *Telegram's* Washington correspondent promptly "confirmed" the rumor on his own account, and his paper has never retracted the charge.

The slightest reflection on the character and personnel of the Commission shows the utter absurdity of the story. It was immediately branded as "absolutely untrue and without foundation" by the chairman; it was denied with heat by Dean Pound; in St. Louis, Judge Kenyon declared it "absolutely untrue"; Judge Mackintosh in San Francisco, January 23, stated that "the President never, in any way, interfered with the framing of the Report nor did he ever hint in the subtlest manner to any member what his wishes were in regard to the Commission's findings." The writer has talked with other members of the Commission, wet and dry alike, and they show equal indignation over the Report. But it had gone forth over the nation further to influence sentiment against the document at a time when public opinion was crystallizing. It is a truism of publicists that a denial can never catch up with a direct charge.

Enough has been said of the circumstances under which national judgment was passed on the famous Report. Yet still it might be asked, why did not the Commissioners themselves rush into print to justify their work? The official viewpoint was expressed in a private letter from Dean Pound to the Columbia Broadcasting Company, which had invited him to make such a defense. He said:

> I feel very clear that I ought not to think of taking advantage of your invitation. It seems clear to me that we should not put ourselves in the position of explaining or defending the Report to the public. We are not advocating anything and discharged our whole duty when we investigated the subject fully and reported our conclusions to the President. I have no programme to promote, no political ambitions, and nothing to say to the people beyond what I have said in print in the Report.

IN REVIEWING all the foregoing facts I find myself wondering if there is any moral. There seems today to be a growing disposition among modificationists to return to the famous Report and to use it for the weapon which it might have been from the first. Wets like former Senator Wadsworth have employed parts of it with effect.

That the Report has had immense influence there can be no doubt. I have mentioned Irving Fisher who,

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writing in a syndicated Hearst statement, declared that "the Report has made upon me a profound impression and, in a degree, it has altered my view of the subject."

The same spirit of fairness in the Report has equally impressed stalwarts of the other side. We have Henry L. Mencken confessing in a copyright article in the *Evening Sun* of Baltimore, shortly after the Report's publication, that his own side in the affray has "sometimes preached rebellion without taking into account its more inconvenient consequences," and adding, "now both sides have before them the massive proof that the solution will not be easy, and if it is ever reached at all it must be by patience and compromise."

"Patience and compromise!" Surely it is a masterpiece that could elicit such slogans from Mr. Mencken. Indeed, to me, the fact that two such extreme opponents as Mr. Mencken and Dr. Fisher could meet in common praise of this same document answers a thousand other critics. There can be no doubt of Mr. Mencken's feelings. He finds "not the slightest sign of a desire to evade plain issues" in the Commission's study, and remarks that "it is an excellent job — in fact a job so good as to be almost brilliant." He adds, "If I had been a member of the Commission I believe I'd have signed the Report."

Today, almost a year after publication, it is obvious that the Commission interfered in a national dog-fight. It got lacerated in the process as might have been expected. It was, and is, a fight (as results have shown) in which some of the participants would rather bite, maim and kill each other, than be ruled by the whistle of human intelligence.

It is doubtful, in retrospect, whether the immediate result of the Commission's Report would have been much different no matter how the publicity was handled. The Report's publication, it is now shown, was bound to be the culmination of one of those moments of national hysteria in which, as before a war, people become creatures of emotion — when rumors fly like wildfire over the land.

At this later date, when the ecstasy of excitement has passed, it is still possible for the intelligent man or woman to go to the Report and find for himself what it contains. He will probably find, in reading the document, his views, whatever they be, modified by the process. He will find rancor toward opponents abated by the wise reasonableness of the study, even as Mr. Mencken suggested. The Report would seem still to offer, for practically the first time in the long debate on Prohibition, a common meeting ground for the moderate elements of either party.

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Myths of the West

By Carey McWilliams

For centuries the Far West was the Dark Continent of America. Myths arose from this unknown and fabulous region beyond the Alleghanies like mists from the sea. It was reported to be a legendary land of uncharted rivers, delectable mountains, valleys of rich promise, and magical fountains bubbling with the waters of eternal youth. To the north was a mysterious passage to the Orient, while the buried treasures of the Spanish and the jewels of the Indians were hidden in the south. The exploration of the Far West was, indeed, prompted by the handsome fabrications of the natives working on the gullibility and avarice of the Spanish. Coronado traversed an empire in his fruitless search for the Seven Cities of Cibola. No sooner were the boundaries of the region established and its topography verified, than the heroes of its conquest passed into the realm of mythology. Through its mountain valleys and across its interminable plains stalked the tall figures of Davy Crockett, Kit Carson, Marcus Whitman, Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, Jim Bridger, and John Sutter.

Carried East by excited tongues, these legends were greatly embroidered in the telling. The existence of an oral epic of the West is demonstrated by the amazing collection of books and pamphlets that serves today as a monument to the westward movement. It was the unknown and unpredictable character of the land that fostered the Myth. The East was diligently suckled on fabulous Government reports, the swollen and embellished narratives of mendacious travelers, and the pamphlets of such saga writers as Hall J. Kelley, James O. Pattie, and John B. Wyeth. These men pictured the Far West in hues of the rainbow and the peacock. A sizable bibliography could be made up alone of books on *Life in the Far West*. These pretentious pseudo-histories invariably contained chapters devoted to such marvelous exploits as "Shooting the Rapids," "An Encounter with a Grizzly in the Rockies," "A Battle with the Indians," "A Tough Tussle with a Panther," and "The War Dance of the Comanches." The Far West was not always glowingly depicted; in fact, just the converse was often the case. The school geographies of the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties, pictured the land west of the Missouri as the American Sahara; even Government engineers were deceived by the paucity of rainfall into fostering the legend of the West's aridity. But whether deceived by under-

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statement or extravagant fanfares, the East was inundated for decades by tides of frontier publicity.

Once the East was thoroughly aroused by these gorgeous accounts of a boundless region beyond the Alleghanies, the Far West became the goal of a nation's vaulting ambition. The westward movement that ensued was, in the words of Dr. Paxson, "the strongest single factor in American history." It was a profoundly moving experience. Contemporary records contain vivid accounts of the excitement created in the East by news of the discovery of gold in California. If there had been a few dissenting ravens, full of dire predictions about the Far West, they were swept aside by the reports of this momentous discovery. The westward rush of fancy and elation which followed swept aside even the conservative enthusiasm of men like Senator Benton, who had fixed the "western limit of this republic" with the Rockies, "where the statue of the fabled god Terminus should be raised upon its highest peak, never to be thrown down."

Nor did the myth-making which arose in reponse to this overpowering enthusiasm cease with the final extension of the frontier to the Pacific. It persisted throughout the Nineteenth Century and shows no signs of abating today. Not a year has passed since 1900 in which the West has escaped rediscovery. The legend, quickly soaring into the realm of myth, has been retold year after year. The persistence of the process of rediscovery can be illustrated variously. A few references will have to suffice.

Compare C. F. Lummis' *A Tramp Across the Continent* (1884) with *The Better Country* (1928) by Dallas Lore Sharp. The vitality of the Western Myth is at once apparent; both writers were obviously nurtured on this saga of the West written by many hands and told by a thousand tongues. Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer discovered "the amazing West" for the first time in 1922. Similar testimonials have been recorded by Katherine Fullerton Gerould and Alfred Knopf. In 1931 the West is still "strange" and "new." Easterners are amazed, so they say, to find street cars and golf courses in the Rockies.

II

THE South and Middle West were settled and established before the Far West was thoroughly explored. Not only were these regions settled, but they occupied quite definite niches in the national gallery before the West emerged from its nebulous frontier existence; so that the West, coming into self-consciousness, found that it had a difficult problem to solve. How was it to dispose of the outlandish Myth about its origins, attributes, and identity? It was necessary, obviously, either to accept the legend or to repudiate it harshly and irrevocably. With childlike ingenuousness, the West not only accepted the legend, but naïvely built it out to epic proportions. To the mythological figures of the pre-settlement period, it added the Cowboy, the Miner, the Engineer, the Homesteader, and the Tramp. It avidly seized upon the last vestiges of its romantic origins for profitable preservation and established traditions which flourish in the Pendleton and Cheyenne Rodeos, and the

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California Fiestas, of today. There is scarcely a Western town on the map that does not have its annual Wild West celebration. The West sent Buffalo Bill's show around the world that the legend might be fostered in new fields and it continues to dress its delegates to American Legion conventions in the traditional garb of the cowboy.

But, on other levels, disquiet arose. It began to be bruited about that the Wild West legend had a tendency to frighten Eastern capitalists. The rumors of wide open towns, hilarious mining camps, bloody gun fights, gangs of desperadoes, and politically corrupt States ruled by bosses, had spread to the East. It became, therefore, a problem of making the Wild West legend genteel while preserving its picturesque qualities — a task which presented no insuperable difficulties to Western myth-making propensities. While the booster movement was yet nascent, talented publicists began to transmute the Western legend to a higher plane.

Throughout the early years of the century, the files were replete with articles about *The Culture of the West* (1905), *The West's Higher Life* (1900) and a positive rash of articles on *The Spirit of the West*. Dr. Henry Loomis Nelson assured the East in 1904 that there was "no wool in the Western mind, and there is no decadence in the Western conscience." Charles Moreau Harger, editor of the Abilene *Daily Reflector*, labored unceasingly throughout the early years of the century in presenting "The West's Higher Life."

It was during this period, spoken of by the publicists as "the era of moral reintegration," that the legend of the West's political progressiveness was born. It became part of the mental dualism of Westerners to send a "radical" representative to Washington who could blow great oratorical soap bubbles about "the spirit of the Western progressive movement." The Honorable Franklin K. Lane, regarded as a typical young Lochinvar bent on the redemption of the decadent East, lectured at the University of Virginia in 1912 and unctuously extolled the West as the region from which great political tidings might be expected. And so today Idaho retains Senator Borah to foster the legend. Senators Johnson, Cutting, Costigan, and Wheeler are products of this same Western political sophistry. The great progressive ballyhoo of the West is merely an echo of the stentorian outcry of a statesman of 1830 who declared during a debate: "Sir, it is not the increase of population in the West which this gentleman ought to fear, it is the energy which the mountain breeze and Western habits impart to those emigrants. They are regenerated, politically I mean, sir."

III

While the Myth was being precipitated in the fancies of the early pamphleteers, it was quite common to find the region beyond the Alleghanies designated as the West. But "West" in the popular imagination soon began to assume a symbolic connotation: it came to mean frontier. And so the West retreated to the Rockies as the Middle West crowded the frontier westward. When the Sierra Nevadas were crossed and California admitted in

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1849, the tide of expansion began to roll back upon itself. As the frontier disappeared like a mirage on the desert and the mist of early speculation and fancy cleared, it was soon discovered that there were many Wests within the West. Even the most enthusiastic Westerners conceded the existence of these inner-regions. In fact the first act of the Far West on becoming self-conscious was to repudiate the legend of its inclusiveness. Since 1849 writers on the West have excluded California by instinct and popular demand. It was not long before the Southwest and the Northwest broke away like islands in midstream. These regions were not only markedly dissimilar climatically and topographically: they possessed different traditions and mythologies.

And with this process of secession well under way, the search for the "real West" has been unremitting. Mr. Bernard De Voto carefully excludes the Coast and the Southwest and limits the region to the "Intermountain West" by which he means Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, with the eastern fringe of Washington and Oregon. Mr. Struthers Burt believes that "New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana are out-and-out Far Western States; western Texas, western Nebraska, a thin slice of the Dakotas, eastern Washington, eastern Oregon, and eastern California are also Far Western," while Mr. Burges Johnson claims to have located the heart of the region in the Sangre De Cristo Range in southern Colorado.

But the legend could not be so easily dislodged. The geographical boundaries of the Far West, based on State lines, have always been hard to draw; hence the notion got abroad that ethical, rather than geographical considerations, marked the kingdom of the West. By the use of this fiction it was possible to keep the boundaries of the West elastic and the mists of legend could still breed in the dark. And so it was suggested that the West was a matter of mood and manner. Cheyenne, for instance, was "spiritually West" while North Platte belonged to the Middle West. Wherever one found informality, unconventionality, a firm handclasp, an open door, a breezy rhetoric, an unrestrained manner, there was the West. This idea is, of course, merely a survival of the early legend. It dates from the establishment of a neo-Western school of writing by Bret Harte. The Wild West romance which survives today owes its origin to the genius of Bret Harte.

Harte, however, depicted a pioneer mood as evanescent as a Western sunset. Lord Curzon attempted some years ago to define the qualities of all pioneer communities. If his comparative frontier method is adopted, it is apparent that what Harte had to say of California could have been said of Australia, the Veldt, or Alaska. It is probably quite true that when culture moves, it changes; it may also be conceded that the "subliminal influences" of the land mold thought and character. But to define region from character, rather than character from region, is a dangerous expedient. What qualities were Western?

This problem has been earnestly debated since 1900. To Dr. Foster the spirit of the West signifies commu-

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nity spirit, youthful zest, a braggadocio manner, and a certain spiritual resilience. Mr. Arthur Chapman, who wrote *Out Where the West Begins*, thinks that the West connotes "eternal youth and an atmosphere of hope." Mr. Burges Johnson thought of the West as "a realm spiritual as well as physical. Indians in war-paint had been there recently, cowboys and horses must be there still, with vast open spaces of mountain or plain; also the primitive virtues must obtrude themselves, standing out in high relief, like morals in old-fashioned Sunday-school books; and, above all, a certain indefinable informality must exist, legal, political, social, with a lack of self-consciousness about it." Mr. Harger preached that "the new Westerner is another type, the clear-headed, stout-hearted, frank-faced man of the plains; the product of years of trial, of experiment, of triumph. He trusts not in luck, but in sense and system; he builds not for a day but for decades; he is manifest on the distant reaches of the 'short-grass country'; he is the rustler of the prairie villages; he walks the pavements of progressive cities; he believes in colleges as well as in corner lots; he asks sanity and high ideals in the plans for the growth of the West."

In cold fact it would be quite possible to demonstrate that a great deal of Western spirit, so-called, has been made up of mimicry and imitation. Legend reacts on its subject. My father had no end of difficulty, as a pioneer cattleman in northwestern Colorado, in keeping his cowboys from playing the rôle of Cowboy. They spent long hours in the bunkhouse on dull days devouring cheap romances of the West and insisted on dressing and acting and talking like the characters in their favorite romances. Many of their "pranks" were, I am sure, of purely literary origin.

Mr. William R. Lighton attempted a much sturdier definition of the region we call the West. He summarized his West as follows: "This is an industrial nation. More than any other nation on earth it measures the motives of its every-day life by the industrial scale. If any part is able to show independence of other parts, it will be industrial independence. In this particular alone can the West be said to have a separate existence."

This suggestion finds strong support elsewhere in American regional consciousness. It constitutes the basis of the hegemony of the Middle West and the South. The West languishes today primarily because it is still an industrial dependency of the Middle West and the East. Until a comparatively recent period, the West was forced to look to other regions for the entire paraphernalia of existence. Household furniture, clothing, wagons, machinery, saddles, even such intangibles as capital and credit, were imported. The Western novelist, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, has observed that in her time "men went East for their education, accent, and their wives." And Dr. Paxson, the foremost exponent of the frontier doctrine, suggests that the West stood forth as a definite region when it began to accumulate surplus capital.

When the Intermountain West is examined from this point of view it does assume a recognizable char-

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acter. Its agriculture, at least so far as methods are concerned, is indigenous. It is a region made up of desert and mountain and valley. Its aridity, together with its vast extent of mountain area, would alone be sufficient to characterize it as a region. Moreover its social problems, notably in the development of its fabulously wealthy resources, are common to the region. The cattle companies captured Nevada after 1861; Montana was merely the alter-ego of the Anaconda Copper Company until recent years; the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company ruled Colorado during its formative period; while in Idaho and Wyoming the Union Pacific played the villain. Western resources have been ruthlessly exploited by Eastern capital; it is only of comparatively late date that sensible development, with reference to local needs, has been evolved. The era of industrial buccaneering retarded the development of the West; in fact, stunted its growth to a very serious extent during the period when the West was supposed to be most progressive.

As the wealth of the region went East, it is not surprising that most of its arrows continue to point in that direction. Even today it is impossible for the West to function as a unit; a Western bloc, of any kind, would be unthinkable. There is practically no intellectual communication between Denver, Salt Lake City, Boise, and Cheyenne, and none between these cities and those of the Pacific Coast. Despite the enthusiasm of Westerners for their magnificent country, it remains a rather dismal and uncivilized region, threatened with the future of becoming a large National Park devoted to the sickly needs of the tourist and the summer resident.

IV

On July 12th, 1893, Professor Frederick Jackson Turner called attention to the fact that the Superintendent of the Census had announced that there was no more free land. The significance with which Professor Turner endowed this innocent statement was slow in making itself felt. But suddenly, with the swiftness of an apocryphal revelation, word went round the college campuses that there was "no more free land" and, as a corollary, that "the frontier has disappeared." From that moment to the present day funereal laments have arisen over the demise of the frontier. Historical writing on the West since 1900 has been given over to the composition of obsequies on the frontier. This dolorous mood has resulted in an enormous and incredible renascence of the Western Myth. To the monumental record of the pioneer jamboree must now be added the post mortem on the frontier that has been going on since 1900. It has been, for the most part, a literature of rediscovery and, while one might condone the errors of original research, it is hard to forgive those elaborate and unnecessary obfuscations of the rediscoverer, who sits in a swivel chair and enjoys the vicarious thrill of being an imaginary frontiersman.

Out of this misty and mythological mood, first given popular currency by Emerson Hough, has been born the inordinate modern day enthusiasm for the frontier and the frontiersman. It is an amazing record. One

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can only nibble at it piecemeal. It gives promise of exceeding in bulk the already hefty literature of Western Americana. The writing, academic and otherwise, on the Cowboy, as a gaudy species of the genus Frontiersman, would fill a library. If the first writing about the West was characterized by bombast and extravagant good will, and if the middle period began with a child-like pride in its roughness followed by timid gestures at gentility, then this modern movement may be described as a highly self-conscious discovery of the fact that one need no longer be ashamed of being born in a sod hut; nay, that having been born in such a habitation is a mark of peculiarly resplendent distinction. It represents, in a word, the belated triumph of the uncouth transmogrified in a more complex age as the quaint.

Mr. John Gould Fletcher has given this mood its final statement: it would be difficult to exceed his bathos. Writing a sort of free verse scenario, *The Passing of the West*, Mr. Fletcher, a native of Arkansas who has lived most of his life in London, wept crocodile tears over the invasion of the West by his ancestors, the white men. Let me quote from his dirge: "Passing, forever passing is the West! Passing is the wild free life of the desert, the open air, the chapparal, the boundless waste, the blue sky over all! Passing, departing, vanishing, not to be sung, not to be remembered, not to be known. The last great stretch of sunlight, of loneliness, of silence is forever gone." Mr. Fletcher might do well to visit the West sometime.

The persistent and outrageous theory that the West must be maintained as a great outdoor playground for Eastern tourists, that it should, against its wishes and the crying need of the land, remain bucolic that rapturous but ill-informed poets may write atrocious lyrics about its lost grandeurs which are unshakably upon the horizon, must cease. It is, I say, a land unto itself. Many of us who know it well think that it has elements of perdurable charm. But we can not, unlike the tourists, be transients. We must eat. Certain corollaries naturally follow hard upon this fact and it is idle to try to wave them aside.

V

IT HAS even been suggested by the enthusiastic modern day Myth-makers that there were three frontiers: the frontier of exploration and discovery; the frontier of commercial expansion; and the cultural frontier. Dr. John Carl Parish writes that: "The most obvious and inevitable conclusion is that there has been from the first in America a general diminution of cultural development along an east to west line." Elsewhere in the same article, Dr. Parish cites, as proof of his proposition that culture is moving westward, the development of a Middle Western school of writers, the cultural pretenses of Chicago, the number of symphony orchestras in the West, and the existence of such art colonies as Santa Fé, Laguna Beach, and Carmel-by-the-Sea.

This pleasant theory is a revival, in academic garb, of another of those persistent legends about the West. In 1823 an excited Mr. Bishop wrote of a future age "when the mouth of the Columbia, or the head waters

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of the Missouri, shall be the seat of empire and the abodes of the arts and refinement, and London and Paris may be as Nineveh and Babylon are." While John Todd, D.D., wrote in *The Sunset Land* (1870):

> You will see, now, why I look upon the Pacific slopes as so important. Our gold is there; our silver is there; commerce is making herself a great place there; multitudes are gathering there; free schools are there; colleges are being planted there; and a great future *must* be there.

Westerners have always adopted one or the other of these two styles: the rosy rhetoric of easy prophecy or the hortatory earnestness of the sincere soul. Culture was associated with New York and Europe; eventually it would move West and be theirs, ergo it *must* be theirs!

Such a theory ignores, of course, the fact that "culture," so-called, followed hard upon the frontier. "Literary" periodicals were issued in Cincinnati and Lexington a decade after the frontier had moved west. A poem by John Keats was published in an obscure Western journal before it appeared in England. San Francisco, shortly after '49, was a hive of journalism. It could boast of half a dozen magazines, among them *The Golden Era*, and *The Overland Monthly*. A better newspaper than *Alta California* has yet to be published west of the Mississippi. If the emigrants did not bring "culture" with them it was constantly on their heels. Dr. Ralph Leslie Rusk has exhumed lists of dramatic productions that penetrated the Middle West in frontier times; it never since has had such diverse entertainment. Didn't Oscar Wilde lecture on "Art and Industry" in a Leadville saloon?

That "culture" is synonymous with the "fine arts" has been the working philosophy of those "patrons of the arts" who have been such a blight on the development of the West. The story of imported culture has not been written, but it will make good reading. The extent of the investment in museums of art in the West is really incalculable. Throughout the region collections of Ceramics, Egyptian Mummies, Byzantine Mosaics, Persian Tapestries, and Chinese Swords mournfully decorate museums. Several Western fortunes have come back to the community from which they were taken in some such guise as a collection of Russian Icons. Quite recently a benevolent Los Angeles millionaire bought a collection of Chinese art for $385,000 that, when inventoried by an expert, was appraised at $20,000. The seller is now in San Quentin Prison but the collection has been given to the city. And, still more recently, a group of rich amateurs in the same city bought the Browning letters at a cost of about $50,000. Yet this city can not support a journal of opinion and would probably not know what use to make of one should it miraculously appear. Nor is the art colony, another of Dr. Parish's illustrations, an impressive institution. Young artists adorned with berets and Indian bracelets studded with turquoise, leave their New Jersey, and South Dakota homes to sojourn at Santa Fé while cultivating their sensibilities, but this is merely part of the modern fad of literary circuit riding.

In their infatuation with the possibilities of the frontier doctrine as a subject for modern myths, the his-

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torians have suggested that there is a fourth frontier — that of business efficiency. Dr. Archer Hulbert advances the theory in *Frontiers: The Genius of American Nationality* (1929) and suggests that "You may not be a Lion or an Owl or a Moose, but you are a Gila monster if you think that such pacts and pledges, such affirmations of high ethical principles, such promises of devotion to come clean and live and let live, as millions of service-club men make each week create no new ideals and influence for good no lives." The same authority has characterized Jesus Christ as the "greatest apostle of efficiency this world ever heard of."

Still other historians, determined to add one more layer of Myth to the legend of the West, have suggested that when the frontier disappeared to the naked eye it seeped inward and survives today as a subjective force which tugs fiercely at our heart strings whenever we see a pair of chaps or an old stage coach. Dr. Robert E. Riegel in *America Moves West* (1930) advances the theory that it is "possible to view the westward movement as a search for mental and spiritual values as much as an endeavor to seek economic opportunity." He also hints that perhaps the frontier spirit survives today in the movie daring of Tom Mix and Douglas Fairbanks, that perhaps it hovers above and around all of us like a disembodied spirit murmuring strange incantations. In fact the influence of the frontier has been traced on every possible phase of American life, if an exception may be made of the influence of the frontier on American historians.

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Mark

By Josephine Johnson

A Story

Almost at five he wrenched himself up and walked carefully, listening to hear the fourth board screech and know then that the door was arm's length away. He could tell also by the treacherous spring air, warm and bounded oblong by the door shape. The hall air smelled of wood and shadows. He went up to the clock and felt its hands. The glass was broken so that it was easier to tell time between the hour strikings. Mark wondered if he had slept all the afternoon, his head flung forward and his hands along the chair arms. He might be asleep even now as his fingers traced the clock hands — there was no way of telling. How could he distinguish his thoughts from dreams any longer when he looked into darkness at all hours? One rose and walked also in dreams without seeing. Perhaps if any one came probing eyes into his window now they would see him still hunched there, his heaviness making the laths sag and stretch with pain. He wondered what he looked like in these days and touched curious hands over the strange land of his face. He could feel a soft wrinkledness that there was no remembrance of, and his hands no longer curved inward when they slid below the hard bones of his cheek. He was afraid to shave himself too well and could feel the hair grown patched about his chin. Twice he traced the clock hands to be sure of their position and then stepped out beyond the door. The milk bucket he kept always on a bench outside. He could hear its hard rattle when the bench was struck with his knee. The edge was sharp and turned nerve fibres into isolated threads of fire, but Mark was pleased. Pain, at least, was a reality and he was not asleep. Sometimes in chopping wood, he struck down where the holding hand might be so as to feel the soft blood and the pain, and know he was awake.

He was glad she was gone. His life was like a rock upon her own, and trying to think how her face looked when she spoke to him was sick irritation. She would say, "How are you, Mark?" and he could tell nothing from the words. He would lean forward and strain to hear whether she was glad or not. It was as though he listened for the sound of her mouth turning upward. There was remembrance of the dents along her cheeks, creased and smiling, and the half shut eyes — but how could

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he know now the way of her face? She might say, "How are you, Mark?" and look at him with eyes acerose from their hate, and he would not know.

She had not gone easily. For three nights she had protested in fear of leaving him alone. Then they had said that death was most certain and she had gone. He had felt her face wet when he had touched it with his hands, but did not know the reason.

For two days he had been alone.

He could find things easily for food, and he could hear the cowbell in the narrow pasture, but the hardest was not knowing whether he really did things or merely dreamt that they were done. . . . The cowbell rang loudly by the gate and then far off. He stood confused, moving his head from right to left till it rang again near the gate. Then he stepped forward and shoved the bar, feeling to the cow's head and her dusty halter. He touched the broad space between her eyes, and the nose incredibly soft and moist. He ran his hand along the high-ridged flank. She smelt of milk and the alfalfa hay and her hide was warm with sunlight. It was comforting to have a live and warm thing near at hand. He knew that she would never have gone had she known the mammoth body of his loneliness — and of his fear. In the house he backed his chair against the wall so that nothing could come quietly from behind — not, he realized ironically, that to face anything helped much, but with his back against the wall, one way at least was barred for things to come. Often he threw out arms in a wide circle flaying the air about him to make sure he was alone. If she had known this she would not have left him.

Mark felt the cow's horn, moving his hand up its length tapering till he went beyond and grasped nothing. It amused him to come suddenly to the end and feel his hand full of only fingers nail deep in the palm. He laughed out loud, and then was quiet, listening. A sparrow blundered in the barn gutter. "Who's there?" Mark shouted. Loud and sudden. The sparrow scrambled away in fear. Mark moved against the cow, turning his head this way and that. Tomorrow he would get a dog. Then from the house he heard Lindstrom's child calling his name, "Mark?" and then a waiting, and, "Mark?" again, high and uncertain. He fumbled for the bucket and his hand struck warm dampness. He felt the milk dribbling from his fingers and swung them slowly till they struck the handle. He wondered impatiently if one grew used in time to being blind — by the moment of death perhaps. Would it be easier — dying — for him than for those with seeing eyes — having died twice to their one little time? . . .

"Where are you, Lita?" He stopped in the path and listened. From the pond came up frog singing, loud and shrill, beat in his ears and sank into the water. He felt the faint shock of earth beneath her running feet. Then she swung from his waist, her little arms twisted like bindweed tight around him. He felt the milk slosh warm along his legs. ". . . and so I should come see you and tell Mother if Vera has come back. She sent you something — Mother sent you something in a jar. . . ."

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"Vera is still gone, but you're in time to cook my supper for me, Lita." He took her hand and felt its damp cushionedness, and moved his own up and down her braids. "You feel like corn-tassels, Lita." He heard her small laughing and the dent of fingers pressed into his wrist. "Look at the elm halos, Mark, they have a fuzzy lighting — see — above your head." He lifted up his face, staring. "And what's this in the dust crawling like?" She stooped, dragging his arm down and the milk struck a stone loudly. He heard the lap of her feet in a puddle and her voice frightened, "Mark, I didn't mean it! Let me scoop it up for you!" She tugged at the bucket, but Mark only laughed.

"It doesn't matter, Lita — only me to drink it now."

"But Uncle Nord might come to see you tonight — " Lita stopped. She must have put her hand over her mouth, from the faint slapping sound.

Mark felt a senseless catch at his heart and held her sleeve tight in his fingers. "Uncle Nord coming? What for, Lita?"

Lita pulled herself away. "Maybe it's a surprise to be — maybe I shouldn't have said nothing."

"Did he tell you not to let me know?"

"He didn't tell me at all. I just heard him say, 'Should I go tonight?'"

All around them was the quiet of April evening. Only their feet on the path came up a-thumping in his ears.

"What'd your mother say then?"

"She said, 'Wait till Lita come back'."

"And then what?"

"Then she said, 'Lita, go take this to Mr. Thole, and come back 'fore dark if Vera ain't there'."

"Is it dark now?" Mark wondered at his strange and dreamlike voice.

"Almost." She sounded reluctant and disappointed.

They walked through the barn lot. Lita jumped from stone to stone, Mark stumbling to follow her.

". . . I got something to show you at the house first, though — and see, your plum tree's almost open by the porch there — I see two open blossoms. Look! and here's another!"

Mark put his hand up the scratching twigs and felt a swollen bud. Lita shoved one to his nose. It was warm sweet, but he could not remember how they looked or the color of plum centers. He hesitated on the steps. "Let's stay out here, Litty — you don't need to go so soon."

"Yes, I got to." She pulled with both hands on his arm. "Come see what Uncle Nord bought me last night. I left it on the table."

Slowly he followed her inside.

She shoved a round hard thing into his hands and awaited his excitement. He traced the cold smooth face and ribbon-dangling dress.

"It must be beautiful, Litty! — and such a smoothness of skin!" He rocked it in his arms and fluttered the long dress. Lita hopped from one foot to another in delight, and the saucepans clanged back and forth. She ran and opened the closet. "I'll pry up your supper Mark, afore I go — only I can't wait to eat with you." He heard the thumping down of cans. "What you want Mark — butterbeans or corn?"

"Beans, Litty. I opened two corns

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last night, thinking they were different things."

The can opener grated loudly going round. Lita screamed and then laughed.

"What is it, Litty?" Mark shouted in a sudden fear. He heard a sucking sound, and then she bumped against his knee. "I cut myself — only it isn't bad." She sucked noisily. Mark picked her up in contrition, as though he was to blame, and smoothed the damp silk of her head. "I wish you'd stay with me tonight, Litty. I feel I should like to have somebody here tonight — I get alone sometimes."

She shook her head under his hands. "It's almost dark now — I got to go. I'm sorry I spilt your milk — only don't tell Uncle Nord if he comes!"

Mark put her down. His voice had an uncertain sound as though he were saying something else. "No, I won't tell him, Litty, it was just an accident."

He heard the splash of beans falling in a pan, and a scraping across the stove. "We're going to have lots more than this for *our* supper, Mark. Why'n't you have more? You got lots to buy more with!"

Mark laughed. "What do you mean by having lots, Lita?"

"You're so rich — Father says you're rich. Only you don't spend much, I guess."

He could imagine her small face looking in and out the room corners, dust deep and niggard bare.

"Tell your father," Mark spoke each word slowly as in a dream, "he is wrong again." Then he shook his head. "No, don't bother, Litty — he wouldn't believe you anyway. Don't hurry home — there isn't need of hurry, is there?" He put out his hand feeling in the air. "Where'd you go, Litty?" He groped where she had been.

"Good night, Mark." Her voice was faint and frightened, as coming only from her lips. He was confused as to its direction.

"Goodbye." She spoke more loudly. "I'm here in the door — your face looked funny, Mark, and I got scared — but I've to go now anyway." The sound of her running was gone almost in a minute and everything was snow-still, not even a frog voice came through the open door.

Mark stumbled over the doll she had forgotten. He put the hard light thing on a chair near the door, and then moved over to the stove. Listless, he tasted a cold bean in his fingers and shoved the pan away.

"If there's tomorrow," he thought indifferently, "I can eat then." The shivering of his hands was hard to stop.

He fumbled till he found the iron lifter by the stove lids, then hit about the room hunting for the broken elm sapling he had made into a cane, but could not find it. He locked the bureau drawers and took the key. He sat down with the iron holder, his chair jammed up against the wall.

No sound except the clock. Not even the marsh frogs now. Only darkness into which he tried seeing until he thought his eyes would burst. No sound. He wondered if there was moonlight. He wondered how he looked sitting there in a patch of moonlight with the iron thing in his hands. No sound. He had a horror he would fall asleep. Even as he dreaded it his head jerked sideways

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and startled him. The frogs began again — voices high along the air. Mark held himself upright, stiff as though long dead. The night air was warm and full of unborn scents — the sourceless smells, not earth nor water, that come in late March days. Then the frog singing stopped. There was no sound to frighten them. Mark strained his ears, desperate to hear something above the thunder in his chest. A porch board creaked, and there was the silence as of someone waiting. Mark rose up and moved painfully to the door. He had learned that from the porch he was not seen. Another board creaked near at hand. Mark smashed himself against the wall. The feet came nearer now. He could feel the slight vibration of the floor. "Let me have him this time, Lord. Let me get him this time — this time now. . . ." The feet tiptoed past him and stood again. Listening. Mark swung the iron bar. It made a furious arc descending as he struck, and there was something carried sidewise to the floor. A small thud.

Mark bent his knees down slowly. He touched the long braids damp like cornsilk, and the round face. He did not believe that it had happened. He said, "Thank God I know that this is dreaming." Everything was so quiet the frogs thought they must be safe again and started up a loud shrillness. He wished they would shout higher and wake him from this sleep.

Pharaoh's Army

By Agnes Kendrick Gray

I saw the gang from the County Farm
Breaking rock in a dusky swarm;
The guard had a gun in the crook of his arm,
But the convicts sang as the picks swung wide . . .
When I git to heaven, gwine to sing an' shout,
An' nobody there gwine to put me out:
Pharaoh's army done drownded!

The guard sat askew on the rump of a mule;
The prisoners under his drowsy rule
Were dusty and black as a black tar-pool,
And their clothes were striped like a zebra's hide . . .
Pharaoh's army done drownded!

The granite rock was a weary load
For the men to pile on the County road;
Their muscles pulled and their backs were bowed
But they sang like free men in their pride . . .
When I git to glory, gwine to put on my shoes
An' walk all over Heaven, jus' spreadin' the news:
Pharaoh's army done drownded!

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Our Scrambled Local Government

By Lane W. Lancaster

Who agrees with Governor Roosevelt that there must be reorganization of our present overlapping and too numerous administrative units

During the greater part of our history, conditions in the United States favored a system of local government in small areas. The population of an Eighteenth or early Nineteenth Century agricultural community was necessarily limited because of the relatively inefficient farming methods in use. The need for protection, natural gregariousness, and the difficulties of travel favored and in fact compelled close contact in small neighborhoods. Such minor matters as were thought proper for public concern were handled locally, and the decentralized character of our governmental system was long the cause of amazement to foreign observers. Counties were laid out and county seats located with reference to the ability of Old Dobbin to get his owner from his farm to the county seat and back in time for the chores.

As population spread westward, new and more artificial areas were laid out by the public surveyor and local governments were established in townships six miles square and in counties whose size was predicated upon the locomotive capacity of the horse and buggy. Townships and counties were in turn divided into school and road districts, boards and officials were created by the thousands, until every inhabitant was a close neighbor of at least one possessor of a tiny portion of the sovereign power of the State. In many of the States west of New England communities of five hundred inhabitants were separately incorporated as villages, and those of a thousand as "cities," each with a more or less elaborate government and a full complement of office-holders. As new problems arose of interest to an area smaller than the older units, new jurisdictions were created with independent taxing and borrowing powers and with more or less extensive payrolls. So rapidly has this process gone on that whole sections of the country are covered with a network of fire, water, school, sanitary, lighting, drainage, and utilities districts, to mention only the most common, lying in luxuriant profusion over the boundaries of the older areas of city, county and township. Government and admin-

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istration are brought close to the people with a vengeance!

With local affairs under the ultimate control of forty-eight State governments it is impossible for the observer to say how many local governing authorities there are in the United States. It is estimated, however, that there are in the neighborhood of 250,000, and this is probably not far from the truth. This is one for about every fifty men, women and children in the country! Rather accurate figures are known for several of the individual States. Illinois has over 16,000 governments of all kinds, of which about 12,000 are school districts, about 1,500 road districts, and more than 1,300 townships, besides 102 counties and numerous incorporated cities and villages. Pennsylvania has more than 2,500 school districts, over 1,500 townships, 67 counties, 44 cities and several hundred boroughs. The State of Connecticut, which is hardly larger than many Western counties, has 21 cities, 20 boroughs, 8 counties, 53 school districts, and 74 fire, lighting, and sewer districts, to say nothing of 169 towns; while little New Jersey manages to transact its local affairs through 21 counties and 521 smaller municipalities, in addition to an undetermined number of school and other special districts. New York State has 62 counties, 933 townships, 521 villages, nearly 9,000 school districts, about 2,000 fire, lighting, sanitary and other special districts and scores of separately incorporated cities.

In the immediate vicinity of great cities the multiplication of governing authorities almost passes belief. In the North Jersey metropolitan district alone are found more than three hundred municipalities of varying types ranging from Newark with half a million people down to tiny hamlets. In the entire New York metropolitan district lying in the States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, there are more than five hundred separate political jurisdictions, handling piecemeal functions which are essentially units. In Cook County, Illinois, in addition to the City of Chicago, the State legislature has with prodigal generosity called into legal being 391 local governments, while in the metropolitan area within fifty miles of State and Madison Streets 1,673 governments are in operation. Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, contains, besides the City of Pittsburgh, 123 municipal units exclusive of school districts. Wayne County, Michigan, in which Detroit is situated has 145 separate local governments. The same situation, to a greater or less degree, exists in the neighborhood of every large American city.

No one reorganizing local government in the United States would think for a moment of creating such a jungle of independent authorities. On every practical ground such a system is of course indefensible. Vast public works and essential public services of immediate importance to large populations ought on rational grounds to be subjected to the direction of a single authority rather than be committed to the various judgments of scores of petty authorities. Yet, now that such a system has come into existence, like every other apparent folly, there

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have arisen philosophers to defend it. The device upon their banner today is "Home Rule." Government must at all costs be kept close to the people. We must be neighbors to our rulers. Such coherent theory of local government as we have envisages a situation in which decisions are made in a group small enough for citizens to know each other and enacted into law through the devices of direct or representative democracy. The best of these philosophers are sincerely anxious to preserve the values attributed to the working of our primitive democracy — self-reliance, the fostering of public spirit, training in self-government. Others use this respectable philosophy to justify more mundane advantages to themselves and their associates. Swelling budgets and long payrolls are important considerations to State legislators, many of whom are "career" men in politics, and who therefore watch complacently the subdivision of the State into tiny political principalities.

No one knows the number of elective and appointive officers in our local governments, but there can be no doubt that it is enormous. In 1928 the city of Chicago had more than twenty-three thousand employes, exclusive of teachers. Cook County had more than four thousand and the Sanitary District of Chicago more than two thousand five hundred full-time employes, besides nearly seven thousand part-time employes. In the aggregate the number in smaller districts is by no means inconsiderable. It is estimated that the ninety-two counties of Indiana have over a thousand trustees, 276 county commissioners, 644 county councilmen, 3,048 members of advisory boards, and over a thousand elective county officials — an average of fifty-four officers for each county. And this takes no account of appointive officers and employes. Since the merit system for filling administrative posts has made practically no progress in rural government, the vast majority of all these office-holders may be fairly regarded as integral parts of the party machines. In New York State there are at present upwards of nine hundred towns. Under the constitution of the State, each must have at least three officers and most of them as a matter of fact have eight or more — constables, collectors, highway supervisors, superintendents of the town poor. Individually, these positions are petty; in the aggregate they total several thousands and constitute the solid foundation of the State party machines. A witness testifying before a New York Assembly committee in 1930 on a bill to consolidate two neighboring counties in the interest of economy and efficiency stated that in his county the chief industries were, first, State employment, second, county employment, and, third, town employment, adding that a fourth was the glove-making industry. It is not hard to imagine how much interest these rustic patriots have in reducing the overhead! In Tennessee the justices of the peace, constitutional officers elected in the small magisterial districts into which each of the ninety-five counties is divided, have for years controlled enough seats in the legislature to block every measure looking to a more rational organization of local government.

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No one can doubt that such situations are the logical results of an exaggerated notion of "home rule."

So long as travel was difficult and means of communication undeveloped the theory of home rule squared with the facts of political life. Government had to be close to those who paid the bills, since no distant authority could well understand local needs, or, if it could, readily transmit its decisions to the ends of its jurisdiction. Science has made distance of little moment: counties are as manageable units as were townships a generation ago; while today a township is relatively no more extensive than a section of land was before the coming of the motor. Yet we are equipped with a legion of local authorities each attempting to take part in the performance of tasks which are fitted for handling under a single management over large areas. The advances of science have outmoded the small area but our political thinking lags far behind scientific achievement.

A GENERATION ago road-building was a matter fairly well attended to by local authorities. Machinery consisted of home-made "drags" and such tools as spades and mattocks. A few laborers under intelligent supervision in a few days each year applied such "principles" of highway construction as were then known. Improvement in vehicles stimulated a demand for better roads and engineers and laboratory scientists responded by creating both materials and principles of construction quite beyond the ken of the rustic road-builders. The effects, most of which have become apparent within living memory, were magical. The old "drag" crumbles in a corner of the orchard and its place has been taken by motorized machinery; the earth and sand and crushed rock heaped upon the "crown" of the old-style road is transformed into a twelve-inch concrete base by tireless machines; while the "pike," that marvel of the Nineties, is now a curiosity over vast stretches of the country. These improvements have been expensive and their cost has had direct effects on the size of the area of administration. Keeping pace with successive changes in the practical art of highway construction, the highway district has given place to the township, the township to the county, and the county to the State, as the cost of maintaining the necessary machinery and buying the needed materials has progressively exceeded the resources of small political units. Yet in nearly every State villages and towns may be found which still attempt to maintain their own road-building equipment and organization.

In the case of nearly every other local function much the same story may be told. Modern theories of penology are set at naught by the actual administration of the problem of caring for the delinquent classes. Not only is it clear that the local jail is one of our most disgraceful public institutions; it is at best attempting to do the impossible. It is generally agreed that a prison population of about five hundred is the proper unit for good administration. For a group smaller the cost of applying modern methods would be prohibitive. Yet latest figures

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indicate that the average population of local jails is less than ten. It is obviously unreasonable to expect expert management, individualization of treatment and the development of a programme of rehabilitation in such places. The social significance of the present set-up is grasped when it is remembered that, as shown by the statistics on actual commitments, the local jail is actually our *typical* penal institution. There seems to be no reason, except the desire of local politicians to keep affairs in their own hands, why half a dozen institutions should not serve an entire State instead of sixty to a hundred or more as at present.

The same considerations apply with even greater force to local institutions for the care of the chronic poor and the aged. The desire of local communities to care for their own poor, while laudable and to a certain extent workable in a society where the political area coincided with the neighborhood, is defeated by the conditions of modern life. The local almshouse in the United States is almost totally lacking in the home-like atmosphere to which the aged poor are entitled; its management is for the most part unenlightened and ignorant of modern methods; and local governments, no matter how good their intentions, are without sufficient resources to do effective work in such institutions.

The plain truth of the matter is that modern administration in accordance with scientific principles is enormously expensive, and to be carried on properly requires resources which most of our small areas do not have. Consider, for example, the situation recently brought to light in Michigan. In that State there are nine contiguous counties with a population of 47,031 and an assessed valuation of $31,585,890. These 47,000 people are supporting nine county governments, ninety-three township governments, fourteen city and village governments and several hundred school district governments — in all 470 separate units of government. This means 470 sets of officials, nine courthouses, nine county courts, nine jails, and literally thousands of minor officials and employes. Is it surprising that in 1929 a million acres of land in these counties were sold for unpaid taxes and eighty-six per cent of this land was bid in by the State for lack of private buyers? And can any one imagine that any public function is well performed when split up among 470 sets of authorities? Is it likely that in any large number of these areas sufficient administrative competence could be found to manage these functions, even assuming money were available to pay for such talent? It is difficult to see how any one's interests would be adversely affected if about four hundred of these governing bodies were abolished. No one's, that is, except the job-holder's!

When we look at the matter from another angle we are compelled to ask ourselves the question, what has a village or a township to do anyhow with many of the functions which they are now trying to handle? As a matter of fact many of them are of State rather than of local importance. Thousands of villages and townships still maintain highway departments. But are there any strictly local highways any longer? Actual traffic

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counts in various States indicate that roads even in remote sections are used by out-of-county vehicles even more than by those locally owned. Commerce and travel are State-wide and even national. Why should thousands of local jurisdictions maintain separate staffs and expensive equipment to care for tiny sectors of what is after all an integrated system of communication? Is education such a local problem that its provision should be entrusted to from three to twelve thousand separate authorities within a single State? Should a child whose future is of interest to the State at large be hampered in his training because he chanced to be born in an area economically decadent? How can State administrative authorities adequately supervise ten thousand local school boards and compel compliance with reasonable standards against the short-sighted policy of the local office-holding bloc? Or, take the problem of justice and police. Is it not curious that in this field we still follow methods differing little from the hue and cry of mediæval England? Highwaymen and bank robbers have motorized their equipment; bewildered and flat-footed sheriffs in 3,200 counties and other thousands of somnolent constables — henchmen of one or another of the political organizations — represent our present attempt to cope with them.

THE implications of this discussion are clear. An interpretation of "home rule" which has multiplied the agencies of government beyond all reason, caused endless duplication of effort and conflict of jurisdiction, and increased enormously the cost of government, stands condemned. Too often what masks piously as devotion to local self-government is really nothing more than another name for the bickerings and dickerings of local jobbers avid for political advantage and blind to the interests of the larger community. Two things are clearly called for. In the first place there is needed a reallocation of functions between State and local governments. Matters obviously of State-wide concern should be subject to one authority; those of interest primarily to the locality should be left with it. In doubtful cases the presumption should be in favor of local initiative, but equally strong in favor of State supervision, advice and guidance. In such matters as taxation, debt policy, public health, highways, and utilities regulation, the interest of the larger unit is paramount. There is no right in any community so to handle such matters as to jeopardize the welfare of the entire State. In the case of matters left with the local governments and those whose real nature is doubtful, the rôle of the State might well be that of partner and adviser, as indeed is coming to be the case in some parts of the country. The State, with its wider tax base and its greater opportunities to command and retain in its service administrative talent, is fitted to perform such a function.

In the second place, there must be a reduction in the number of local governing authorities and a corresponding increase in the size of the area used in public administration. Literally thousands of the petty areas into which complacent legislators have breathed the breath of

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corporate life might well be abolished and their powers transferred to larger units. There are probably five times as many counties in this country as we need. The typical State has over sixty. A dozen areas in each State formed by the consolidation of half a dozen counties could do the work now being done by counties better and for far less money. Many of them now enlist so little popular interest that it is sometimes difficult to secure candidates for some of the offices. Yet all are amply supplied with the latter. The township, where it has been established, is in practice an almost worthless institution, unless affording public office to party workers be accounted to it as merit. West of the Alleghanies and south of the Mason and Dixon line it has seldom corresponded to any natural grouping of the people and has commanded no loyalties at all comparable to those elicited by the New England town. It might well be abolished and indeed is in a fair way to be so in several States. The thousands of special districts scattered over the country are obviously symptoms of the inability of our historic areas to solve the problems of an industrialized population. Many of them would disappear along with their employes if local government were reorganized with some deference to the proper correlation between area and function.

The carrying out of such suggestions as are here made would, of course, meet with the fierce opposition of the present beneficiaries of the system. But there are signs that some progress may be made within the present generation. It is coming to be understood by responsible bodies that no small part of the enormous tax burden is due to the improper organization of local government. Scores of public reports, prepared under unimpeachable auspices, are driving home the lesson which is being reënforced by local tax bills. In one State county consolidations on a small scale have actually taken place and such a move has been suggested in others, though it was defeated by the embattled politicians of the court house "gang." Intercounty coöperation in the performance of various functions is a fact in some States, and regional administration under State auspices of certain pressing problems seems sure to be a reality within a few years in areas where such a solution is feasible.

In a democracy it would be hard to overestimate the importance of local self-government and the wisdom of preserving some unit in which there may be participation of citizens in reaching political decisions. Much has been written, a good deal of it in rather lyrical terms, of the advantages of town meeting government. That it had its seamy side we may not doubt. But when all is said, it probably remains true that its solid values outweighed its occasional shortcomings. It was doubtless contentious, cantankerous and gossipy; it was endlessly patient with the crank; and it was easy-going and inefficient on the side of administration. But it had the merit of simplicity; it was understandable; it was perhaps more successful than any modern governmental device in bringing rulers and ruled together; and it gave whole generations a

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training in active citizenship. But it has everywhere failed to meet the test of administrative efficiency, the attainment of which is imperative if local government is to remain democratic and responsible. The endless proliferation of tiny jurisdictions and the blind attachment of office-holders to power have been not a little to blame for popular apathy and official wrongdoing. The diffusion of power, the prodigious lengthening of the ballot, the blurring of the lines of responsibility, and the elaboration of legal technicalities, have combined to make local government oligarchical and irresponsible and to confirm in positions of power the most predatory and furtive of our office-holding class.

Administration is bound to be Lilliputian when carried on in tiny units without adequate resources in either men or materials. Joint performance of many functions in larger areas would be likely to attract into the public service a higher order of talent and eventually lead to the development of sound traditions and standards which under present conditions have no opportunity to emerge. Nor would such units of government be less amenable to popular control. The abolition of competing and overlapping jurisdictions would simplify the structure of local government and make possible a direct focusing of the public's critical faculty on community concerns. The only popular control of government worth anything is that which works from day to day, and such control is now impossible. It is impossible for the simple reason that the administration is not a unity but is carried on by a multiplicity of authorities, each handling a small portion of the public business.

There are those who believe that government has become so technical and involved as to preclude anything like democratic control. These critics regard the field of administration as the region of the expert. For the philosopher-kings of Plato they would substitute the trained administrator. But it is easy to overestimate the mysteries of administration. After all, the things with which the expert is concerned may be comprehended by intelligent laymen and, given a simple organization of government, citizens are by no means as impotent as the skeptics would have us believe. But unless there is a definite point of reference in the governmental structure, no conceivable organization of the electorate can introduce genuinely popular elements into the process of control. Government, even in a day of school lunches and free band concerts, is probably still a necessary evil. It is clearly possible to have too much of a bad thing.

(*In the December issue Professor Lancaster will describe what is being done now to improve our local government and what can be done in the future.*)

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How Much Do College Students Learn?

By Max McConn

Results of the Carnegie Foundation Study in Pennsylvania

It would seem offhand as if a college student should learn a good deal in his four years. Throughout that period he attends classes of some sort — lectures, recitations, or laboratory periods — from fifteen to eighteen or twenty hours a week; and college catalogues commonly state that each hour of recitation or lecture requires two hours of outside preparation. As a general statement that is, of course, absurd, for two reasons: subjects vary greatly in difficulty, and students differ greatly in ability. So the mathematical conclusion that all college students spend forty-five hours a week or more in intellectual pursuits does not actually follow — and probably it shouldn't.

But the fact remains that every college student — even the athlete or other "campus leader" — must do some appreciable amount of studying pretty regularly if he is to stay in college. Because he is constantly being checked up. Every few weeks he must face quizzes, and at the end of the semester of sixteen weeks a final examination, in every subject; in which tests he must retail at some length the information he has acquired from lectures, textbooks, outside reading, and laboratory exercises. It would seem that the cumulative result of this process over four years should be considerable, that when the senior in cap and gown receives his sheepskin from the president of the college he should be a fairly well-informed young man — within reasonable limits suited to his years, a man of learning. And if knowledge is power, if with increase of knowledge goes increase of understanding and wisdom, then he should be in some degree really educated. Parents and the general public and even professors and deans — except a few cynics and pessimists — have assumed that this result does indeed follow.

But now comes the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, announcing, in its *Annual Report* for 1930, certain preliminary results of an investigation called the Pennsylvania Study, which results — taken at their face value — seem to show that college students learn

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practically nothing, that seniors within a month of graduation are nearly as ignorant as freshmen, and in some important fields even more so!

It should be explained that the Pennsylvania Study is an "inquiry into the relations of secondary and higher education," in which forty-odd Pennsylvania colleges and eighteen public schools systems (including Pittsburgh) are coöperating with the State Department of Public Instruction and the Carnegie Foundation. The programme upon which these more than sixty co-workers are engaged is laid out over a period of seven years. It involves following the educational progress of some 12,500 pupils who entered the seventh grade in September, 1928, through the junior and senior high school (grades 7–12) until they graduate from the high school in June, 1934; and also following the educational progress of several thousand high school graduates of 1928 through the co-operating Pennsylvania colleges until they receive degrees in June, 1932.

The plan adopted in following the progress of the college group — the high school graduates of 1928 who will finish their college courses in 1932 — includes giving the entire group, at several stages, what are known as objective or new-type tests of their intellectual achievement at each stage. Two of these tests have already been given, the first in May, 1928, when the students in question were high school seniors, the second in May, 1930, towards the close of their sophomore year in college. The third is to be given in May, 1932, just before they graduate. Thus we shall eventually have a definite record of the progress of this group, and of each individual member of the group, clear through the college course, and shall certainly learn a great deal more than any one has ever known before about the actual fruits of a college education, at least in this somewhat fundamental matter of definite knowledge acquired and retained. But meanwhile we already have, from the Sophomore Test of 1930, the curious and disconcerting results cited above.

Among the forty-odd colleges co-operating with the Carnegie Foundation there were six inquisitive and audacious institutions which decided to give the Sophomore Test not merely to their sophomores but to all four college classes. They wanted to find out how much better the sophomores would do than the freshmen, and how much better the seniors would do than the sophomores, on exactly the same test. They are probably somewhat startled by the answer they have obtained.

For a proper understanding of that answer a brief description of the Test itself is necessary.

The so-called objective or new-type tests are very different from the old subjective or essay type of school and college examination. The old kind consists usually of five or ten questions, in answering each of which the student must write at least a paragraph and often a longish article or essay. The grading of such answers is necessarily arbitrary, a matter of subjective judgment and impression. It has been found by trial that no two teachers can read the same examination paper and expect, except by rare chance, to hit exactly the

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same total grade. The differences of evaluation may occasionally range from an honor grade to actual failure.

The new-type examination contains a much larger number of questions, at least fifty, usually several hundred, so phrased that the student can answer them nearly as fast as he can read them, by writing "yes" or "no" or making a plus sign or a minus sign in spaces provided in the margin, or by underlining a single word or phrase out of several alternatives presented. The questions all deal with known and accepted matters of fact, so that the answers are indisputably right or wrong. Consequently any one provided with a key can mark or score the papers, and, aside from purely clerical errors, which can be checked and corrected, there is no possible variation in the result. Subjective differences of evaluation are eliminated. It will be evident that the new-type examinations are much superior to the older kind, at least for the purpose of comparing different students or different groups.

The Carnegie Sophomore Test of 1930 was an unusually extensive one. It contained over 3,000 new-type questions, and was given in five three-hour sessions during five half days. It included:

(1) An intelligence test, similar in kind to the intelligence tests which many up to date elementary and secondary schools are now using.

(2) A "general culture" test, which Dr. William S. Learned, who with Dr. Ben D. Wood of Columbia University is in charge of the Pennsylvania Study, describes as "ranging from very simple to very difficult, over the following fields: general science, 290 questions; foreign literature, 330; fine arts, 250; and general history and social studies, 340" — total, 1,210 questions. "The knowledge required for success in this section of the test," says Dr. Learned (in the Carnegie Foundation Report), "would nowhere appear as organized college courses. The questions were prepared, however, by experienced university teachers with the avowed purpose of testing such knowledge as one would expect to find increasing from year to year as the result of reading and study both within and without the limits of formal courses. The examination is believed to offer a fair measure of the permanent increment, the *effective* accumulations, attributable to a student's desire really to assimilate the ideas that constitute an academic education as contrasted with the urge merely to possess a degree as the result of having secured credits in a sufficient number of semester courses."

(3) Five tests in subjects which are regularly covered by formal college courses: English, 450 questions; mathematics, 220; foreign language, about 325; social sciences, about 200; and natural sciences, about 300. In the last three fields the student chose one of four languages, one of four social sciences, and one of five natural sciences, in which to be examined.

So much for the Test, which, I think it will be granted, was about as inclusive and thorough as could well be desired. Now for the unexpected and striking results in the six colleges which gave the Test to all four classes.

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The accompanying table, from the Carnegie Report, gives the median test scores, for the four classes in one of those six colleges, in the common subjects (omitting the foreign languages, social sciences, and natural sciences, among which a choice was offered).

	Freshman	*Sophomore*	*Junior*	*Senior*
Intelligence test	56	57	57	58
English total...	227	218	211	221
Spelling.....	31	30	28	30
Grammar....	30	31	29	29
Punctuation .	31	29	29	31
Vocabulary ..	60	58	58	58
Literature ...	73	71	70	72
Mathematics...	53	52	51	49
General culture total.....	265	285	302	289
General Science.....	74	77	87	86
Foreign literature	58	64	69	68
Fine arts	56	55	59	60
History and social studies.....	81	81	80	79

To get the full effect of this table, compare the Senior column with the Freshman column. *There is nowhere any substantial gain.* In the English total and in mathematics there is even a steady falling off, except that the seniors seem to stage a partial come-back in English in the final year.

Dr. Learned comments as follows: "The intelligence tests reveal approximately uniform mental ability, as one would expect. . . . English shows a loss in total score of more than six points, and that loss is not merely in the mechanics of English, where some might consider it excusable, but in literature and even in vocabulary, where it goes to the very core of the educational purpose. The peak of literary knowledge, both of words and of books, is apparently reached in the freshman year; fifty-three per cent of the college seniors tested in English literature and vocabulary stood lower than the median freshman. Even mathematics shows a less serious decline, although all would probably agree that, whether desirable or not, a gradual deterioration in that subject (among students not continuing it) is reasonable."

Then he turns from the situation in the single college represented in the table to "the general aggregate of scores in the six institutions," covering about 1,700 candidates for the B.A. degree, and "finds very similar conditions: senior scores slightly higher, but everywhere enormous overlapping and variability.

"Mathematics exhibits a consistent backward movement with increase of variability in the senior year. In a test with 220 points the class medians run: 60, 55, 50, and 47.

"The mechanical elements of English — spelling, grammar, and punctuation — were tested on a proof-reading passage and are virtually stationary at 30 points out of a possible maximum of 50. There is a two-point increase in spelling. Literature shows a gain of one point in 200 and vocabulary a gain of about five words in the 100 assigned. The latter were all words familiar to any well-educated person, and the test required merely the recognition of a synonym among four options. Out of the group of 431 seniors there were 43, or 10 per cent, whose maximum score was 35 out of the 100 words designated — a well-submerged tenth.

"In the four fields — general science, foreign literature, fine arts, and general history — which have been described as constituting the test in

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general culture, the median scores do indeed advance somewhat in the successive class-groups but the difference means little. In general science 39 per cent of the freshmen did better than the median senior; in foreign literature, about 24 per cent; in fine arts, 36 per cent; and in general history 38 per cent of the freshmen secured scores in excess of the median senior performance. In the test as a whole, 30 per cent of the seniors were below the freshman median, while about the same proportion of freshmen outdid the senior median. The heretofore pardonable and undisproved conviction of the fourth-year man that any senior must of necessity be wiser than any freshman should apparently undergo revision."

Dr. Learned seems particularly perturbed by the showing in the vocabulary test, as he well may be in view of increasing evidence to the effect that copiousness and accuracy of vocabulary constitute one of the most significant of all measures of intellectual development and capacity.

"As for vocabulary," he says, "particularly the literary vocabulary, the effect of college on the word supply of the ordinary student appears to be almost negligible and in some cases positively injurious. The story of the test to the effect that the average college senior recognizes only 61 out of 100 words in familiar use by educated people as compared with 56 recognized by freshmen brings us face to face with the familiar poverty of campus language, the absence of conversation on subjects of study, and the dearth of general reading on the part of students. A student out of the lower quarter of this senior group, in a paper completed with meticulous pains, recognizes only 23 out of the 100 words correctly, is ignorant of such words as *inert*, *lenient*, *baffle*, and *immerse;* thinks that *culpable* means *tender*, that *declivity* means *climate*, and that *demure* means *abject*. Yet she is about to graduate from an 'accredited' college and is earning one of her senior credits in a course in the 'American Drama'. To a senior with average score the word *benighted* means *weary*, *recreant* means *diverting*, and *spurious* means *foamy*. Possibly the fact that he takes the word *assiduous* to mean *foolish* may help explain his case."

How can these devastating results be explained or interpreted?

Certain people — including, I regret to say, some college professors and administrators — are inclined to answer that such results are unimportant, because, they say, a test of this kind measures only factual knowledge — "mere knowledge," they are likely to call it — which is by no means the principal thing we are after in a liberal education.

Well, let it be granted that the Carnegie Test does not *directly* measure reasoning power, capacity for expression, literary or other esthetic appreciation, or ethical idealism. And let it be granted, also, that such outcomes are the ultimate goal, that "mere knowledge" is not in itself sufficient or very valuable, in short, that a student might conceivably make a splendid showing in such a test and remain essentially uneducated — illogical in his thinking, inarticulate, stolid before beauty, and unsocial in behavior.

Does this concession, then, nullify

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the Test? Does it admit a valid plea in extenuation for seniors who are ignoramuses and the colleges that produce them?

Not quite. Because, while knowledge does not inevitably lead to the ultimate desirable outcomes, those outcomes do inevitably fail without knowledge. How can any student reason in a vacuum? Express himself when unfamiliar with the common counters of language? Appreciate beautiful things which he has not apprehended? Or even build up substantial ideals while he remains ignorant of nearly all those occasions and problems, historic and current, in connection with which human ideals have arisen and without reference to which they are empty phrases?

It comes to this: a high score in this kind of test does not infallibly demonstrate the attainment of what we call a liberal education; but a low score does infallibly demonstrate a lack of liberal education, because it reveals the absence of the foundation on which a liberal education must stand. Let me vary the figure. One may have a flourishing tree without fruit, but one can not have fruit without a tree; knowledge — ample and accurate knowledge — is the tree on which the fruit we call culture must grow.

Moreover, the flourishing tree which is barren is a rare phenomenon; ordinarily such a tree bears its appointed fruit. And so with the tree of knowledge: real knowledge *usually* flowers and fruits in reasoned thinking, self-expression, appreciation, and ideals. After all, then, a knowledge test does, not directly, but indirectly and presumptively and in the vast majority of cases, measure positively, as well as negatively, the ultimate desirable outcomes.

So I am afraid we must grant that the evidence is valid and pretty damning.

But some one may remember the many hours of class attendance, and not inconsiderable periods of study outside of class, to which college students are subjected, as related at the beginning of this article, and may wonder why, after such extensive attention to books and studies over four long years, so many young men and women have so little to show for it.

There are at least two causes contributory to this futile result. The one which Dr. Learned stresses most is the curious organization of the whole programme of studies in American colleges on the basis of isolated semester *courses* with the accompanying *credits*.

This phenomenon of the course, as we know it, came into being some fifty to sixty years ago with the abandonment of the old fixed curricula — which were undoubtedly narrow, but were at least cumulative, with definite objectives — in favor of free electives. Under the plan of free electives, as originally practised at Harvard and elsewhere, each student might study anything he pleased, and as much or as little of it as he pleased. Accordingly, something like our courses had to be instituted. The whole of human knowledge was, as it were, canned to be displayed on the shelves of an intellectual piggly-wiggly for the attraction of customers. Since then, of course, free electives have been greatly restricted; students are now required to concentrate many of

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their choices under "majors" and "minors" and "groups." But in the meanwhile both the managers of the piggly-wiggly — the faculty — and the customers — the students — have grown so accustomed to cans that it scarcely occurs to them to deal in any other kind of goods.

The extent to which our present courses are self-contained and insulated against any penetration of facts or ideas from the outside is truly remarkable. A student taking a particular course understands that he must follow the lectures, read the textbook, and at least skim the outside reading prescribed in that course; at the end he will be required to pass a reasonably searching examination on that specific block of material. But he is not ordinarily required, or even much encouraged, to draw upon data or concepts with which he has become acquainted in other courses, much less upon material he may encounter outside of purely academic instruction — in newspapers or magazines, in books or plays, or in conversation. In short, there is little intellectual free trade, but rather a high tariff wall around each little course.

This conception of courses as segregated units seems to be largely induced and perpetuated by the remarkable American invention — unknown elsewhere in the world — of *credits*. When a student has passed a course, he becomes entitled to a certain number of these credits (corresponding to the number of class periods per week), and they are forthwith recorded in the registrar's office, toward a grand total of credits (usually 120) which will give him his degree. Thenceforth those credits are sacred. They can never be invalidated — no matter if it subsequently appears that the student has forgotten completely the content of the course; the credits will still stand and count towards the degree.

Under this system the common attitude of students towards their successive packages of instruction is neither strange nor entirely illogical. Many students when they have passed a course and got their credits feel that they are "through" with the whole matter. They quite commonly sell their textbooks and chuck their notes in the waste basket, and these physical procedures are only too accurately symbolical of the accompanying mental procedure. As a corollary of this idea, students generally hold that an instructor has no right, in any quiz or examination or even in a recitation, to call for any material, however relevant, which has not been specifically presented in that particular course; if ever this enormity is perpetrated, they are likely to appeal to the head of the department or the dean for redress. From the other side this new point of intellectual ethics is amusingly illustrated in a story which Dr. Learned relates. A troubled youngster went up to the instructor in charge of a course examination for clarification on a point of conscience. "I know the answer to this question," he said, "but I learned it in another course. Would it be fair for me to use it here?"

It will be evident, I think, that under this system and conception the results which the Carnegie Test revealed are exactly what we might expect. The seniors who did so badly in that Test had undoubtedly all had,

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at one time or another, a "passing" acquaintance with a large part of the facts, terms, and ideas for which the Test called. They had credits in the registrar's office to prove this, and a few weeks after the Test they all received diplomas to tell it to the world. But it was nearly all "passed" in a double sense, leaving no substantial residuum, for definite recall or any possible use, beyond what they had had on the average when they entered as freshmen four years earlier.

The trouble is that the course-credit conception of knowledge as a series of blocks, to be successively acquired and separately stored away, is diametrically contrary to nature in this matter of learning. The raw data of knowledge can become a part of an effective mental life only in so far as they are continually woven and interwoven with old and new attainments, and thus constantly recalled and integrated and used, and carried forward as a growing, living organism. Of course there are in our colleges students who learn in this way, "self-educating individuals," Dr. Learned calls them, "minds of high intelligence and native curiosity that refuse to be restricted; minds that knowledge in one field irresistibly propels into another; minds to which courses and points earned and all such machinery are negligible because of native thirst and appreciation for ideas." But the course-credit system not only does nothing to encourage such valid learning but actually inhibits and discredits it. So long as this system remains entrenched we may expect further sorry exhibits of the kind the Carnegie Foundation has just displayed to us.

There are, of course, a good many colleges which are fully alive to the demerits of the course-credit system and which are experimenting — in general somewhat timidly — with other plans. The most common of these is the honors plan; under which selected high-grade students in the last two years are permitted to concentrate in a chosen field of interest, are sometimes excused in whole or in part from course and credit requirements, and are in any case expected to supplement courses by a large amount of independent reading; all in preparation for a Comprehensive Examination, in which they must be able to recall and use freely all the material they have covered in the whole two years. This plan certainly encourages, even — so far as any mere system can do so — requires, the kind of study and learning which has been described above as valid. But the new plan is commonly limited at present to the last two years, and within those years to the ablest students (who need it least), leaving the freshmen and sophomores and the more mediocre juniors and seniors to continued stultification by courses and credits. It would seem that the principle at least of the honors plan should, as speedily as possible, replace the course-and-credit principle for all the students in all classes.

But there is a catch here. The colleges are afraid to try the honors plan except with their very ablest students. They are afraid that most of the young men and women whom they now admit could not work under that plan. These students can get along under the course-credit system, where they need memorize

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only small bodies of material, which may be freely forgotten after sixteen weeks, and so can be carried on, not with any noticeable increase of learning (as the Carnegie Test has shown), not towards anything that can be called education, but by the accumulation of credit to a degree, which after all is what these students and their parents chiefly want. But what if they were confronted as freshmen with the necessity of choosing a field of intellectual interest in which to concentrate? Or set an extensive programme of independent reading? Or denied the privilege of "passing" at brief intervals parts of what they were supposed to learn, and required to carry it all in mind for four whole years?

No college has yet dared to put such questions to the test of trial. Because everybody knows that a considerable part of those college students who now attain degrees would be simply bewildered by any such programme, and would have to give up and drop out. Which is to say that we know they are not capable of real liberal education and so we provide a sham. This brings us to the second and perhaps even more fundamental reason for the deplorable showing made in the Test, namely, the indiscriminate admission to college at present of many students who lack the necessary mental ability and intellectual interest to profit by instruction (under any plan) at the college level.

Since most colleges desire large enrolments and depend in considerable measure upon the income from fees, this second point is particularly difficult to deal with. But some day some college, amply endowed, will set about receiving only really first-class minds, and will undoubtedly turn those minds loose from the beginning in something like the present honors courses, with the honors-course requirement that learning shall be cumulative and alive. It seems at least probable that a Carnegie test given to the seniors of such a college would yield happier results.

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Ship's Bread

By Captain William Outersen

A Story

The boat drifted head on to the waves, held in that position by a bar of driftwood, made fast at its centre to the painter and left to drag in the water as a sea anchor. A fine drizzle was falling from low dun-colored clouds, and the dawn was gray and cheerless. In the boat were two persons, a man known as Burley, and a boy called Angus, who sat on the bottom boards facing the stern, his eyes fixed on a cloud-wreathed island not more than a mile distant. His expression revealed an intense longing to reach the shore to which they were drifting, but he made no effort to hasten the movement of the boat in that direction, although four good oars were lying along the thwarts. It was Burley's pleasure to let the boat drift slowly toward the land, and Angus was too weak to handle the oars, since he had eaten no food during the past ten days.

The man sat crouched in the bows, and from time to time took out of his pocket a piece of ship's biscuit, which he put into his mouth secretly, in order that the boy might not observe him. He waited awhile after each of these sly motions, to give the fragment in his mouth time to soften, unwilling to chew it while it was hard, as the boy would hear the sound of crunching, and turn his big hungry eyes on him while begging for a piece of the bread. This had happened several times, and it annoyed Burley, who was an escaped convict from Sing Sing and showed signs of rugged health, having had plenty of food to sustain him since the foundering of the ship on which he and Angus had been foremast hands. It would have been an easy matter for this man to handle the oars, but he saw no reason why he should. On the land toward which they were drifting there might be men, although his keen eyes had as yet discovered no signs of them, and where there were men there was always the law, which he feared and hated.

The skin of the boy's face was drawn tight from starvation, and his cheekbones protruded, yet Burley had a pocketful of ship's biscuits, and a canvas bag nearly full of these lay in the boat's after locker, the key of which the man kept in his own possession and jealously guarded. For the first few days after they had been cast adrift, Angus had received a certain share of the food, but as

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time passed and the fear of starvation began to take possession of Burley, he had refused to divide with his weaker shipmate, and kept all the biscuits to himself. There had been a growing despair in the heart of Angus for days before they sighted the island, and he had feared he would die of hunger, but since they had made the landfall his outlook had brightened. It was a small isle in the outlying Western Hebrides, off the coast of Scotland, and he had heard that the folk in these parts were kind and hospitable to shipwrecked sailors. There would be no difficulty, he thought, in making his way to the nearest house as soon as they touched the beach, and the people would give him food, which would restore him to strength and happiness.

Turning suddenly he caught Burley putting another piece of biscuit into his mouth, noticing for the hundredth time that his staring eyes had a queer glint in them, a sort of animal shine that had often caused him to wonder if his companion had a human soul. It was difficult to believe that a fellow who behaved as he did could belong to the true race of man, Angus reflected as he faced the stern again, leaving Burley free to chew his piece of biscuit, and to search the shore nervously for some sign of occupation. His fear of the law was somewhat mitigated by his hope of finding a house where he could procure a piece of beef, which he desired greatly after his long continued diet of ship's bread, but no indication of human life appeared, and he concluded that the island must be uninhabited.

When they had drifted to within a few fathoms of the beach, Burley hauled in the painter and untied the log of driftwood that had served as a sea anchor. Shipping two of the oars he turned the boat round and with a few powerful strokes drove the prow onto the sandy beach, stepped ashore and dragged the craft half out of the water, then made the painter fast to a rock embedded in the sand above high water mark. As he finished knotting the rope, a sudden sound from behind startled him violently, and he snatched his knife from its sheath, wheeled swiftly with a snarl that exposed his teeth, and faced toward the boat. Seeing nothing but Angus clambering weakly over the gunwale to the shore, he stared about him with a puzzled expression in his flat glittering eyes. Knowing his companion had not made the sound that had scared him, he glanced carefully up and down the lonely shore, then aloft at a seabird circling above him. While he watched the gull, it folded its wings and dropped thirty feet with the speed of a falling stone, spread them suddenly with a sharp ruffling and wheeled upward again. That was the noise he had heard, and slowly the frown of anxiety cleared from his brow.

Glancing unconcernedly at the boy, he turned away and walked slowly along the beach, searching on every side with hard bright eyes for anything that might be of possible use to him, or warn him of the presence of danger, for although the width of the Atlantic lay between him and the prison from which he had escaped, he enjoyed no sense of security.

The beach narrowed and came to

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an end under a spit of land that ran into the sea for a distance of fifty yards. Its base was composed of seamed and broken rock, and its ridge, which rose twenty feet above the level of the beach, was covered with hummocks of coarse grass. Burley climbed toward the summit, pausing when he reached the crest and raising his head cautiously to peer beyond, before exposing himself to view. Satisfied with what he saw, another gray beach and a stretch of empty land, he mounted to the top and stood erect, listened awhile to the cries of the gulls and the low surf breaking on the shore, then turned furtively to search again for any sign of man. The only moving thing he could see, except the grass waving in the laggard wind, was the figure of Angus struggling painfully along the beach in the opposite direction. The manner of his going, with wavering steps due to the exhaustion of hunger, seemed to afford Burley a strange and evil amusement. His lips parted slightly, showing a gleam of strong white teeth, and a hard laughter glittered in his eyes.

Again a sound startled him, and he wheeled with a nervous jerk toward the other end of the island, but could see nothing significant there, and advanced slowly in the direction of the second beach until he came to a rock embedded in the thick turf. Pausing to observe this, he noticed that when the wind veered a trifle, the long blades of grass were blown against the side of the stone with a thin scraping sound, which was the cause of his second alarm. It was like someone creeping through the grass to take him unawares.

Angus was just sixteen, and had never before been cruelly treated by men. Roughness and quick anger, and the sharp buffet that accompanied it, he knew something about and could understand, but Burley's deliberate and selfish torture appalled him. He felt certain the man would look on with his hateful smile while he starved slowly to death, and his desire to get away from Burley was as keen as his craving for food. Stumbling along the beach he glanced hungrily on every side, his eager eyes resting briefly on each object that met them. There were pebbles, pieces of driftwood cast up by the tides, tufts of grass on the foreshore, stranded jellyfish, and an occasional scuttling crab at the water's edge. He thought there might be mussels on the rocks that closed the end of the beach, but when he arrived there, panting and exhausted, he found none, and sank down on the sand between two boulders, shutting his eyes and waiting to recover strength. Burley had gone beyond the other cape and was out of sight.

Angus slept for a little while, and awoke feeling able to climb the low ridge that rose from the beach beside him. Placing his hands on the edges of the rocks between which he had been resting, he hoisted himself to his feet with some effort, and climbed laboriously to the grassy top of the promontory. On the far side he saw another beach of gray sand similar to that on which the boat had landed, and closed in the same way by a point of jutting land about two hundred yards distant. As his eyes swept the far end he thought he noticed a movement that resembled

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the flutter of a garment, but it disappeared in an instant, and he could not feel sure of its nature. It might have been a seagull flitting down to the shore beyond the ridge, or a wandering scrap of paper blown from a passing ship, but in any case he must go to the end of this second beach and see what lay on the other side of the farther cape, for if he did not find food before long he would die. The vanishing glimpse of something moving, combined with the restoring effects of his short sleep, had renewed his fainting hopes and increased his energy, and he found walking easier than before, on the hard sand below high water mark, so that he arrived at the base of the cape without being aware of extreme exhaustion, although weary enough.

Reaching the summit of the elevation, he threw a keen glance over the land beyond, but saw no sign of men or their habitations. A drizzle of fine rain drifted across the beach and over the gently sloping foreshore to the low, misty hill that formed the summit of the island. As he gazed disconsolately at the purple heather-covered slope, the wheeling gulls and the thin line of surf breaking along the shore, a surprising sense of peace came suddenly upon him, and he brought his roving gaze to the immediate neighborhood of the spot on which he stood. Near him was an oddly shaped hummock of grass, about two feet higher than the adjacent ground, longer than the height of a tall man and something over three feet wide, and when his eyes lingered on this, he felt the desire to lie down on it, and moved doubtfully toward it, thinking how much it resembled a couch. Although he resisted the temptation to rest on this natural bed, telling himself he must find food if he wished to escape death from starvation, his extreme weakness overcame this objection, and he lay down at full length on the hummock, which was soaked with the rain, and almost at once he sank into deep sleep.

BURLEY went to the limit of the beaches and crossed the southern end of the island to the eastern side. As time passed, and he saw no sign of human presence, his nervousness began to diminish, and he walked with a bolder step and more assured manner, although he felt there was something queer about this lonely isle, and was almost inclined to believe it might be haunted by hostile or mischievous ghosts. He realized that he ought not to have been scared by the noises due to the gull and the rustling grass, both of which were natural sounds he had heard many times, and he could not understand why they had startled him so acutely. Self-examination was not possible to Burley, therefore he did not realize that his fright on both occasions might have been attributable to his own guilty conscience. Some friendly instinct urged him to go back to the boat at once and sail away from this mysterious island, but as he stood considering the advisability of immediate departure, scanning the sea and the shore frowningly, the sun came out, flooding the land with light and color and transforming it into a gem of beauty set in a magic ocean. The picture was one he lacked the faculty to appreciate, but he welcomed the warmth of the sun and the bright-

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ness of the light, which produced in him an effect of courage that the previous dull gray skies had weakened. Looking upward he observed that the low scud was blowing away to the eastward, the sky was dotted here and there with heavy white clouds sailing grandly along the wind, and the rain had ceased. Between the clouds the sun shone, warming and drying the grass on which he was walking, there being no beaches on this side of the island, where the foreshore ended abruptly in low cliffs that dropped sheer into deep water. When he came near the northern end he began to feel pleasantly drowsy, and lazily decided to lie down awhile in the rays of the genial sun. During the past fourteen days he had been unable to stretch himself at full length, having been confined to the cramped space of the boat, and the idea of doing this appealed to him, so he lay down luxuriously on the sun-warmed turf, extended on his back, but later turned on his side, and in a few minutes fell asleep.

ANGUS dreamed that he was walking along one of the docks in a large seaport, casting hungry eyes on each ship that he passed, and wondering if they had any biscuits to spare. Coming to a barque that was moored alongside the wharf he saw a man, whom he took to be the mate, leaning against the rail on the quarterdeck, and Angus stopped to ask if he wanted any hands. The man said yes, he did, and ordered him to come aboard, and when the youth climbed the gangplank with difficulty and made his way aft, the mate pointed to a huge pile of ship's biscuits lying on deck under the break of the poop, and told him to throw them over the side for the gulls to eat. Dismayed at this appalling waste of food, which he craved for his own use, the boy stammered out a question as to whether he could eat one or two, and the mate replied that he could eat as many as he wanted, if he managed it without being seen. Then he turned to the rail again and continued his smoke, but every time Angus seized a biscuit and put it to his mouth, the mate jerked his head round and glared at him, so hundreds of biscuits were thrown over the side, and the gulls came in flocks, screaming and squabbling for the food, while the boy suffered agonies of hunger.

He awoke at the end of this dream, with the screaming of the gulls in his ears, and his desire for food intensified, if that were possible. Rising desperately from his grassy couch he caught sight of a flock of gulls, whose cries had awakened him, worrying at something in the water, which he thought might be a dead fish, and he climbed slowly down the cliff on the other side of the cape, and went forward to investigate, but when he reached the birds they had finished their squabbling and dispersed to forage elsewhere. Halting, he looked listlessly about him, wondering where Burley was, and for the first time became aware that the sun was shining. A gentle wind blew from the west, waving the grasses on the foreshore and the heather on the slope of the hill, from which came faint whispers, as of small voices expressing sympathy and encouragement. Suddenly he was conscious of a sense of unworthiness,

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of moral weakness and cowardice, and he blamed himself for not being more aggressive towards Burley, who would probably have given him a share of the bread in the boat, if he had been more resolute and insistent. Nursing this thought, he proceeded toward the northern end of the island, overcoming his dread of the seaman, and building up his courage to face Burley with a vigorous and sustained demand for food. Emboldened and strengthened by this growing resolution he hurried along the beach, away from the cape on the other side of which he and Burley had moored the boat. He was surprised at the strength and vitality that had so unexpectedly come to him, and he paced along the sun-bright beach, gazing across the friendly western ocean and rejoicing at the change that had taken place within him, which he did not attempt to explain, psychology being unknown to him at that period of his life.

Arrived at the northern shore, he passed more slowly round the slope of the hill, which descended to the low cliff where the beaches ended, and coming to the eastern side he saw at a distance of a hundred yards to the south the form of Burley stretched on the grass. The seaman lay on his right side, his head resting on his bent arm, his left hand lying loosely on the ground in front of him, his back toward Angus, who approached with cautious steps, careful to make not the slightest noise. The confidence he had felt a few minutes earlier was slowly deserting him, and his old fear of the man began to reassert itself, but he braced his courage by a supreme effort of the will, and made another step forward.

Up to the present moment he had not considered just what he would say to Burley, nor what he could possibly do if the powerful ruffian refused his request and knocked him down with a savage blow, as he was quite capable of doing. Pausing within two feet of his soundly sleeping shipmate, he tried to formulate his intended demand in words that would be at the same time compelling and inoffensive, but as his wary eyes roved over the prostrate form before him, he saw, half fallen out of the pocket of Burley's jumper, the key of the boat's locker in which the biscuits were kept, and hope flamed in his heart as he realized that with this small piece of metal, brightly gleaming in the sun, he could procure himself food without stint. To get possession of the key he would have to stoop directly over the sleeper, and the slightest touch of clumsiness would without doubt awaken him. Trembling so much that he was afraid to move, he stood for a few agonized moments seeing his opportunity slipping away, and his proud purpose defeated by his own weakness. But he must not fail now, he told himself urgently, and with a surge of resolution he again gained control of himself and bent slowly forward, putting his right hand down toward Burley's breast, on which the key gently rose and fell with the movement of his breathing. Angus held his own breath at the crucial moment when the tips of his fingers came in contact with the key, and it was with a marvelously light and skilful touch that he caught it between his thumb and forefinger,

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then placed it in his left palm and closed his hand on it with a nervous grip. Straightening up again, he filled his lungs with a soundless sigh of relief, and with slow careful steps drew back for fully ten yards before he dared to turn his back on the unconscious man and hurry toward the end of the island. Almost at every step he threw over his shoulder a fearful glance to see if Burley was awaking, but to his immense delight he reached the shoulder of the hill and passed safely round it, out of sight of the seaman if he should happen to open his eyes.

Stimulated with expectation at the prospect of food, Angus broke into a staggering run, clenching the key of the boat's locker so tightly that the flesh of his palm was bruised, but so acute was his excitement, from the near certainty of gaining possession of the whole bag of biscuits, that he felt no pain in his hand, nor had any other thought in his mind but that he was on the way to satisfy his terrible hunger. His weakness was forgotten, and he ran at a speed that would have been impossible without the magic key in his grasp, traversing the first beach in something like a minute and a half, although it measured nearly two hundred yards, and the tide had come in, so that he had to run in the soft sand above high water mark. From time to time a dreadful anxiety smote him, that Burley would awake and discover his loss, and overtake him before he reached his goal. He turned for a fleeting glimpse behind as he reached the summit of the first low cliff, but Burley was not in sight, and he went on with renewed certainty to the second cape, where he looked back once more, and saw nothing but the heather drenched in sunshine, the empty beach, and the tireless gulls searching along the shore. From there to the boat was a short journey of eighty yards, and he arrived beside it breathing laboriously, but triumphant and assured of the food that would give him life and strength. The boat was now nearly afloat, the rising tide having lifted her stern, and he climbed aboard, scrambled over the thwarts to the stern locker, and kneeling on the bottom boards took the key between his thumb and forefinger and tried to insert it in the lock. So great was his eagerness, and his exhaustion from the run, that he fumbled badly, could not put the key in its proper place, and after he had got it in was unable to turn it. A sort of hysteria possessed him, and he might have given way to despair, thinking he had taken the wrong key, had he not desisted from his efforts for a brief period and resolutely compelled himself to be calm. Then he tried again and found it a very simple matter to open the door, thrust in his hand and draw forth the bag of bread.

The biscuits were hard, and perhaps this was a fortunate thing, for otherwise he might have gulped them down and done himself injury. Being ship's biscuits, sometimes known among sailors as "pantiles," he had to chew them well before he could swallow them, and he did this with eager haste and indescribable pleasure, his strong white teeth crunching through four of them in succession before he began to feel that he had eaten enough for his first meal in ten days. Taking the bag

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in his hand he left the boat and quenched his thirst at a small rill of sweet water that poured from the edge of the foreshore to the beach, and when he had drunk enough he stood up straight, an emotion of supreme contentment pervading him. Again at peace in the world that he loved, he became aware of things other than food. There was a wind among the grass, and the sea broke in low ripples along the shore, the gulls were calling, balanced on tireless wings, and the westering sun warmed and caressed him. Many little sounds came to him from the wind on land and sea, murmurs and whispers which he heard as a chorus of gladness and approval.

Standing thus in the midst of peace and beauty, he was shocked back into the shadows of life by a raucous voice that shattered the music of the day, and he swung quickly to see Burley on the crest of the nearest cape, shaking his fist and foaming with curses. There was only one thing to be done, which was to run, and Angus fled along the beach at his utmost speed, hugging the bag of bread under his left arm, and so greatly had his strength been increased by the food he had eaten, and also by terror of Burley, that he actually gained on the sailor during the first minute of the race. His pursuer was not a swift runner, but he was strong and sufficiently fed, and had just awakened from a refreshing sleep; therefore the odds were entirely in his favor, and he might have caught the fleeing boy and killed him in his rage, had he not stopped at the boat to investigate, although he was fully aware that Angus had the bag of bread under his arm, since he had seen it plainly. Leaping aboard the boat he strode across the thwarts and stooped down to try the door of the locker, which he found open, and the biscuits gone. With shouting obscenities he jumped to the sand and raced for the next cape, on the other side of which Angus had already disappeared. Strangely enough for a man of Burley's sort, he entertained no suspicion of guile on the part of his young shipmate, whom he held in contempt as a person incapable of falsehood or evasion, and in his mind the matter was extremely simple, merely a question of overtaking the fugitive, recovering the bag of bread, and administering a few blows and kicks as punishment for his crime. With this single purpose in view he ran along the beach, passed over the second and last cape, and circled round the southern end of the island, slowly but surely overtaking Angus, whose endurance was rapidly becoming exhausted.

The bag under his arm had begun to weigh like lead, and he was several times on the point of throwing it away so as to make better speed, but a certain stubborn quality of spirit restrained him from this mistake, and he held grimly on, his breath coming in convulsive gasps, his heart pumping and his legs aching intolerably. The eastern side of the island rose in a gentle slope to the summit of the ridge, at the southern end, but farther to the north it reared steeply upward, and when he came to this part, with Burley not more than fifty feet behind him, the boy had a sudden inspiration, and in spite of his extreme weariness he swung to the west and

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began to ascend the precipitous slope toward the summit. Burley followed, thinking he now had his quarry as good as caught, and climbed the ascent rapidly, his breathing almost as labored as that of the boy, since he had never done much running, and during the fourteen days in the boat he had, of course, been unable to take any exercise.

Angus almost despaired of reaching the ridge, his exhaustion being so extreme that he had moments of partial unconsciousness. Nevertheless, he continued to struggle upward at his greatest speed, disregarding the warning pain in his heart and lungs, and finally he came to the top of the hill, his joy at this accomplishment being such as is felt only by the chosen few. A swift glance downward on the other side showed him the boat immediately beneath him, and without a pause he took the neck of the bag in his right hand and swung it with all his strength over Burley's head, watching it slip and roll to the bottom of the hill, a full hundred feet below the point attained by the seaman. Immensely gratified at this conclusion of the chase, Burley ceased his advance and stood to recover breath, paying no further heed to the boy, whom he could catch and punish later. When he had rested for a minute he descended and secured the bag, tucked it under his arm and started walking leisurely back round the hill to the boat on the opposite side. But he had taken a bare dozen steps when a suspicion flashed across his mind which sent him tearing along the springy turf, raving like a madman.

When Angus saw Burley begin his descent of the hill to recover the biscuits, he fled down the opposite slope, regardless of falls and bruises, and arrived at the boat in a short space of time, finding it now floating clear of the sand, as he had expected. Loosing the painter from the rock he got hurriedly aboard, shipped two oars and began pulling with all his might for the open sea, but in his hurry and excitement he headed in the wrong direction, making for a point that would clear the nearest cape to the southward by a very narrow margin. He did not see Burley, who was concealed from him by the elevation of the land, until he had come close to the cliff, and aghast at his mistake bore heavily on the starboard oar, which turned the boat's head somewhat from the rock. At the same moment, Burley appeared on the crest above him, too angry now for oaths, with a heavy rock in his hand, which he raised, his pale eyes glittering with rage.

"Pull ashore, or I'll knock yer brains out!" he cried, and without waiting to see whether his order would be obeyed, he threw the stone with such force that he grunted. It was well aimed, and sped true, but Angus saw it coming and ducked, so that it merely grazed his shoulder, hurting acutely but not disabling him. Burley intended to reach the boat by jumping into the water alongside, as he could not drop from that height directly into it without danger of foundering it or breaking some bones. Immediately after throwing the stone he took careful aim and swung the bag of biscuits neatly onto the bottom boards, where it plumped down and lay snug at the boy's feet. Then he balanced himself

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on the edge of the cliff, which rose twenty feet above the water, and leaped. Angus had been shocked into a sort of paralysis by the situation into which his mistake had brought him, but his mind and body came swiftly under control, and as Burley jumped and struck the water a few feet from the gunwale, making a sounding splash that drenched the boat with spray, he put all his weight on the oars and drew the boat ahead, so that when the seaman came to the surface and reached for a hold, his hand met empty air. But his plight was extreme, and he made a leap half out of the water that brought him just within reach of the stern, and on this his powerful hand closed.

Angus saw himself a dead man, either from starvation on this lonely island, or by the fury of this man who had treated him so inhumanly, and a rare anger swept all his scruples aside, so that he raised one of the heavy oars, and by a fortunate stroke brought it crashing down on Burley's hand. The cry of animal rage and pain that followed the blow gave the boy a sensation of grim satisfaction, and without delay he shipped the oar again and pulled vigorously away, expecting Burley to swim after him, and perhaps to overhaul him in spite of his wounded hand, if he were a strong swimmer. Before he had gone very far, however, something in the way his foe was behaving in the water acquainted him with the fact that the seaman could not swim a stroke. He was thrashing wildly about, beating the water with his arms and shouting for help, but even in his extremity he spluttered insults and oaths when he could get his mouth clear of the water, and Angus hardened his heart against him, knowing well what would happen if he brought him into the boat again. There were two pairs of oars, and he could easily spare one, so he stood up and threw it toward the drowning man, who clutched it avidly and kept himself afloat, kicking his way slowly after the boat, and sending out a continuous stream of oaths, curses, and demands to be taken aboard, all of which fell on unheeding ears. Angus pulled beyond the cape, set the little trysail, and skirting the southern end of the island, bore away for the west coast of Scotland, whose mountains he could sight dimly, far to the eastward. The last seen of Burley, he was making for the shore.

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The Lady and the Peddler

By Eudora Ramsay Richardson

At seven-forty-five breakfast was ready — not your continental rolls and coffee or the American toast, but a meal built around waffles and sausage, the sort Southern gentlemen seem to prefer. At eight-fifteen the school lunch had been packed in its thermos container. At eight-thirty small daughter and husband had embarked upon their day of work with children and men. Then began dish-washing, bed-making, mopping and dusting to the staccato accompaniment of door bell and telephone. A beauty parlor protested that I had sadly neglected it of late. A cleaner, in an effort to promote lagging business, made a special offer of two dresses renovated for the price of one such operation in normal times. A worthy old lady solicited a subscription to a distinctly unworthy magazine. It transpired that her son had just lost his position. The Salvation Army was collecting old books and papers. Three vegetable wagons offered their wares, all operated by men who until recently had been otherwise employed. A saleswoman wondered if I would like to see the new models just opened in the ready-to-wear department of her store. A friend who is selling food put up in glass hoped that I would prepare for her a list of prospects. A neighbor who is supplementing her husband's reduced income by making pies and hot rolls and another who is educating a son on angel food cake suggested that I might like to place orders for the week-end. A young man who should be in the movies yearned to demonstrate a vacuum cleaner that could not only sweep your house but also spray your flowers and paint your walls.

Nevertheless, at half past ten in a house comparatively orderly I sat down to write a love story. This was to be no commonplace, homey sort of yarn with a conventional setting in middle-class suburbia. I would create a new Utopia. I would lay my scene in a spot remote and unknown to me — in the glamorous, languid tropics, perhaps, where one could live under a palm and pluck food from the trees. But no — again and again the jangling bell brought me back to the economic situation. Did I have an electric sewing machine? Was I acquainted with the excellencies of a floor waxer? And on it went. There was no chance for me to remain among the bananas and cocoanuts. Finally I decided to accept the material that is constantly coming to my front door.

It does seem that a public expend-

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ing extraordinary sympathy upon the unemployed might spare a little for the one class of people whom the current depression has given rather too much employment. I verily believe that the American housewife of the upper middle class — the term denoting financial rather than social grading — is the principal victim of the situation about which there is so much prating. Yet no one is bestowing upon her plight a passing word or a compassionate glance.

HUSBANDS' salary cuts, slim business, or poor collections for professional services rendered have made kitchen mechanics and broom wielders of thousands of women whose hands were erstwhile soft and whose manicured nails until recently were not rendered brittle by too much acquaintance with dish-water. Cheerfully, however, would many of us shoulder the additional burden if it were not for the agents whom depression and unemployment have turned loose upon us. It seems that every man who has been ejected from his former trade has swung a pack on his back and taken to the street, from the white collar man to the lowest day laborer. The house to house canvassers, neglecting the very wealthy who are protected by butlers and maids, and the very poor, who have neither money nor credit, prey upon the bourgeoisie.

Laudable, of course, is this effort to turn an honest penny but devastating for the housewife who is also dealing with the little copper coins which have grown distressingly scarce overnight. The wives of the very wealthy and of the day laborer are probably pegging along without much additional work and without acute consciousness of changed status. Perhaps Mrs. Magnate has had to scramble through the year with the same foreign car, and perhaps Mrs. Submerged Tenth may feed her children on bean soup. Yet the one still has something to ride in, and the other is blessed with children whose appetites are not fastidiously trained. The wife, however, of the man who has found his income reduced from ten thousand to five or from six to three has seen life completely revolutionized. Most of her expenses run in an orbit as fixed as the sun's. The monthly installments upon the house must be met. She can not move into a less expensive place, for no one is buying real estate, even that which has been forced upon the market. In some way those losses which all the foolish world suffered in the stock market crash have to be absorbed. She is too ambitious for her children to brook economy upon educational necessities. Her social status demands that the clothes for her family fall only slightly below the standard formerly maintained. The decrease in income forces upon her one of two alternatives or both: she must fire the maid *or* get a job or fire the maid *and* get a job. Since scarcity of work has contributed to the depression, or is the result of the depression, and since most married women of this upper middle class are either untrained or distinctly rusty, doing their own work seems to be the only way of meeting the situation.

This woman, moreover, has problems with which the lower stratum was never confronted. She can not

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drop out of all social and community activities. The garden club, the day nursery, and all the other groups among which she is numbered would interpret her continued absence as lack of interest in the public good, even if she could suddenly inhibit her gregarious impulses. She and her husband would find their existences utterly stale and unprofitable without a game of cards now and then. All this means, of course, that the front she shows to the world must remain unchanged and entails labor and nerve strain unknown to the woman of the lower class who has always done her own work. The nickel and tile in her bathrooms must be clean and shiny. Her aluminum kitchen utensils must not lose their lustre. Her floors must be polished, her white woodwork must be kept spotless. The house, which two years ago did not seem an extravagance, is larger by far and much more complicated, despite its electrical appliances, than the homes built for humbler housewives. The woman who is now carrying it on shoulders unaccustomed to such burdens feels that she must maintain the standard of comfort and orderliness she raised in another day — must for the sake of her family and for her own morale.

Nor can she let herself run down at the heel. Though the visits to the beauty parlor may have ceased, she must keep her nails pointed and polished, must massage the wrinkles and crow's feet from her face, must reclaim last summer's permanent with dampened combs. If she should let herself become a slattern, what hope would there be for her own future or for her husband's and her children's? Women whose mothers and grandmothers have been reared to household drudgery are not expected to fight against the ravages of age and toil.

The woman of this upper middle class who has recently suffered financial reverses is still taking her maternal responsibilities with fierce seriousness. She sees that her children practise and study, helps them with their French and Latin, and directs their recreations. In other words, she has a new job and has not relinquished work and interests that formerly filled her days comfortably if not exhaustingly.

Then, too, she is frequently fighting against complexes too deep to be uprooted. She has probably been brought up to feel that menial work is degrading. She is constantly trying to reconcile her daily tasks with the traditional concept of *lady*.

"I can't be a lady and a cook at the same time," one woman said at a party the other day.

"It is hard," replied a friend. "We all have hang-overs from our past. I can work like a Trojan when my husband is out of the house, but when he's at home, he has to help me. I can't stand a well dressed man to be reading in the living room while I clatter pans in the kitchen."

"I know," the first woman added. "It makes you feel like the poor mountain women of the Appalachian belt who serve the men and later sit down to meals. Waiting on a man seems still to connote sex inferiority."

The older generation, moreover, complicates the complexes. Outside a cash-and-carry grocery I recently encountered a woman of sixty waiting for her daughter. It was clear

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that she had no intention of mingling with the bundle-laden rabble within.

"I don't see why Mildred insists upon coming to such a place," she sniffed, "all for the few pennies she saves!"

I knew, however, why Mildred came and why her hands were no longer soft and useless like her mother's. Mildred's husband lost heavily in the stock market. In a large suburban home that she hoped to preserve from the impending hammer she was nurse and cook, cleaning woman and laundress. But for her economy her husband would have had to avail himself of the bankruptcy law.

Another woman, declining an invitation to a luncheon, explained that she was without a cook this year and that she must be at home at meal time.

"Besides," she said wistfully, "my mother-in-law is spending the winter with us. She really is an efficient woman in many ways, but she can't break an egg or light a stove."

I thought, moreover, that I could detect a hint of pride in her voice. At least she had married into a family unaccustomed to the hardships of a kitchen.

Still, women under forty are proving amazingly adaptable. For the most part they are approaching housework as something to be accomplished quickly so that there may be time for more enlivening pursuits. They see the home as a place that must be orderly and comfortable, but that should not enslave them. Domesticity is not a life work but something that must be done expeditiously so that there may be time for larger undertakings.

THE depression, deplorable as it is, has its compensations. In the first place, work of any kind is good for women. It is now helping many a woman to tide over the dangerous thirties by giving her no time for ennui and restlessness. I can think of several couples who have been drawn closer together by the financial problems of the last year or so. The chances are that the husband of the woman who has recently dismissed her cook will coöperate at home out of office hours — and I am sure that there is nothing more tightening to the marriage tie than "doing the dishes" together. The man whose wife never had a cook is apt to think of woman's duty in terms of the three K's — but not the man whose wife has recently assumed tasks to which she has not been accustomed. Then, too, the American woman needs exercise. A daily battle with the broom and mop surpasses golf and swimming in its ability to convert surplus fat into muscle. Without the aid of radio instruction, an hour's brisk housework affords enough stooping and bending to keep the figure girlish and, unlike golf and tennis, adds to the bank account at the same time that it subtracts from the avoirdupois. I know, moreover, that a servantless house is a good place in which to rear children. Careless youngsters who once scattered their clothes and toys are learning to help mother in a score of ways and consequently are quite likely to become useful human beings.

Indeed the situation would not be bad at all were it not for the peddler at the door. With a little forethought many of the legitimate

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interruptions can be avoided. The laundry may be placed at the back door for the collector. The weekly call of the paper boy may be eliminated by a check sent to the office of the newspaper. A refrigerating plant does away with the iceman. Money for the milk may be tucked in yesterday's empty bottle. Nothing, however, can overcome the insistence of the door bell and telephone. Try letting the telephone ring without answering it: the noise and the fear that you may be missing a telegram will drive you mad. There is no way gracefully to permit your bell to ring unheeded. A neighbor who knows you are at home may be running over to borrow sugar; a special delivery letter may be clamoring for admittance.

A woman who writes told me the other day that if it were not for the unnecessary interruptions she could accomplish more at the typewriter when she is without a maid than when she has one.

"It takes absolutely no brain to wash dishes and clean," said she, "so my mind runs to plots. By nine-thirty each morning I am ready to write, and I could continue in glorious aloneness until the children come home from school if the agents would stay away. Though all I do is to refuse the proffered wares, I lose ten minutes from writing every time the bell rings. And by the time I get back to work the thread of my ideas is nearly always destroyed."

Another woman who decorates card tables and trays and does floral paintings for dining rooms told me the same story.

"I have to put down my brush, wipe the paint from my hands and possibly from my face," she explained, "every time one of those terrible agents appears. When I get back, it takes minutes to remember which brush I was using and whether I was painting the flowers or the background."

Both these women have dismissed servants because of their husbands' reverses and because the depression has limited the market for their own wares. They feel that it is absolutely necessary for them to keep their hands in so that they may be ready for the better day that will surely dawn. It is utterly unfair that one unfortunate class should prey upon another.

PERSONALLY I am very sorry for the house to house canvassers; but there is really nothing I can do to help the poor creatures. I have all the electrical appliances except a washing machine, and, since I am determined to continue to send my laundry out, I don't want that. Yet a representative of practically every vacuum cleaner, mechanical refrigerator, and washing machine calls on me monthly, and some man, purporting to be sent by the power company, comes as often to see how I am fixed electrically. The nurserymen ought to be able to see that I have all the shrubs that I can use. The seedsmen, if they would take the trouble to look before ringing, would know that my small borders are already overcrowded. It does seem that weather stripping would show a little from the outside. If I have said a month ago that I can't afford expensive radiator covers, the agent is over-optimistic when he calls again. The canvassers,

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however, have not only poor eyesight and poor memories but, I am convinced, also do not know how to read. At any rate, they have proven impervious to a plaintive sign I tacked upon my front door.

As sorry as I continue to be for the poor fellow who is trying to earn a living from house to house, my indignation is about to overcome my good manners. The whole system is predicated upon the theory that the time of the woman who lives in the comfortable middle-class house is of no value. Even in the unlikely event that they should try, agents could never pass my husband's secretary. I, however, because this is a bad year for writers, because we lost on real estate and in the stock market, have no maid and am utterly defenseless. That I do not buy goods offered at the door is comfortless revenge, powerless to restore my lost time.

Perhaps the situation will be changed when some of the peddlers are reinstated in their former trades. Perhaps when the housepainter and iceman and carpenter who now take vegetables from door to door find openings in the callings of their first choice, perhaps when the electricians who are now demonstrating vacuum cleaners have houses to wire, perhaps when ad-writers and manicurists and stock market clerks are again in demand, the housewives may return to the peace of an earlier day. In the meantime, however, I fear that we shall have become old and haggard and that our part-time professions will have languished from disuse.

Tide

By Fredericka Blankner

The Sea
Tumbles pearls to me.

Though when I hold
They turn to gold,

Then in my hand
Is only sand, —

Beauty is ever
Instantly, —

The Sea
Tumbles pearls to me.

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The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

The orderly process of the seasons having been rudely interrupted by a momentary return of the kind of New York weather that drives its survivors to make very bad jokes about humidity, etc., it is a little hard for the Landscaper to realize until his gaze falls upon overcrowded shelves that another autumn is actually under way, and that before many weeks have passed anxious book publishers will know definitely whether they have survived the worst year in their history — financially speaking — or merely one of the worst. It is true that a lone maple tree, not in very good health at best, flames scarlet close to where this is being written, and also true that the crickets have sounded more melancholy for a week or so — does their song really change or is it merely that all of a sudden it fits into the symphony of the declining year and takes color from its surroundings? — but not even these signs and symptoms are quite convincing when it is possible to wake before dawn into a world still as steamy as the steamy day that has gone before. (We'll probably all be freezing by the time this appears, but it *was* hot in early September, wasn't it?)

But the books are here; their looming physical presence is not to be denied. Publishers are a hopeful lot — one reads with some amusement that after all the talk of reduction of lists that has gone on since the depression began, there were actually two hundred odd titles more brought out in this country during the first seven months of this year than in the first seven months of 1930. There is every chance that the year will show a substantial gain, and this in the face of extremely difficult conditions throughout the trade. Retailers of books have suffered especially, for theirs is a business that is not profitable enough in the best seasons to provide them with any large surplus, so that when dull times come, they are often hard put to it to keep their heads above water. At best, the book business of America is nothing for the patriotic to cheer about, for as a highly literate nation whose wealth is fairly well distributed, we should buy a great many more books than we do; at worst the business drives a good many publishers into bringing out virgin-novels in the faint hope that the public will insist upon

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having its sex, no matter what other luxuries it may surrender under pressure. If the weeks that lie between us and Christmas are not fairly prosperous for publishers and booksellers, however, it will not be for lack of salable merchandise; the variety is as wide as the world, and the quality rather above the average.

Among the Indispensables

ONE WORK of fiction of the early months of 1931 seems to have made its way into the indispensable class. As is so often the case, the exact reason for its success remains a secret. The book is Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth*, mentioned here before, a fine novel, but its large and continuing sales can hardly be attributed to its intrinsic merit, since many works of fiction as good or better have sold their few hundred copies and sunk silently to rest since it first appeared. There is an old book trade legend that people do not like novels of the soil, and who then, granting the truth of the legend, could believe they would like a novel of the Chinese soil? Whatever the reason, however, *The Good Earth* must be read if one is to keep a place in literate society. Perhaps it is a lucky break for those who have not yet read it, that it really is worth reading. It is probably rank heresy to suggest at this point, with all the new books lying about, that a reward awaits the reader of an old book, but Mrs. Buck's first novel, *East Wind, West Wind* was a good one. It is worth seeking out, if the second pleases you. The Landscaper read somewhere recently that an elaborate survey was under way to discover what people like to read about; when it is finished, this observer, for one, will not believe it, because he does not think Chinese agriculture will be one of the favorite topics. It is interesting to note that in a period of waning influence for the book clubs, Mrs. Buck's *The Good Earth* had the advantage of selection; a good start is usually essential to successes of this kind, although we must not forget Thornton Wilder's *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, which made its way with no other help than the cheers of all the critics in the country. How many times these same critics have cheered themselves hoarse to no avail!

A Brilliant First Novel

AMONG the more recent novels that are not likely to be blotted out by the forthcoming avalanche is George Davis's *The Opening of a Door*, a well-written piece of fiction that is more than a little reminiscent of Glenway Westcott's *The Grandmothers*. Mr. Davis's novel was submitted in the Harper Prize Contest, the award going to what seems to the Landscaper a distinctly inferior book, *Brothers in the West*, by Robert Raynolds, a mystical and somewhat muzzy story of the foundation of America's western empire. Mr. Davis's book seems at this writing to have caught on very definitely. Shall we say a small prayer for him right now that he does not go the way of so many promising young Americans and rest content with what is, measured in terms of the work of other first-rate novelists, a mere preliminary sketch for a career? What is it that makes the literary output of our own times so slight both in quality and quantity? We do everything we can

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for our young writers, including sending them abroad with subsidies, and they take a lifetime to furnish enough work to go between respectable book-ends. How many of them, this observer often wonders as he goes about among them and among their writings, are driven to typewriters by any itch of creation as compared to those who go for dozens of reasons that have little or nothing to do with creative writing? In this mood, one feels like putting finickiness aside and worshiping for a while at the shrine of Theodore Dreiser, the collected edition of whose works will attain at least a satisfying bulk. Before this homily is concluded, let it be said that the Landscaper is not measuring literary output by the number of words a writer can turn out in a day, for if he were his admiration would go to the manufacturers of reading matter for the "pulps"; but it is true that the great novelists have almost without exception written much, from Cervantes to Tolstoy. Shall we stop at Tolstoy? It's safer, perhaps, although one might mention Galsworthy as one of our own who has turned out a good many hundreds of thousands of words, most of them meaning something, too.

Modern Library Giants

SPEAKING of Tolstoy, *War and Peace* has just appeared in the Giant series of the Modern Library, priced at $1, the first of a number of notable novels of somewhat too great length to be handled in the usual format of this admirable venture. The Giants are as good looking as the regular books in the Modern Library, prime bargains for people who do not care to risk their money in the gamble of buying contemporary fiction. Among the recent additions to the regular Library at ninety-five cents is Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, already become a classic, a fate it deserves, and richly. Careful buyers will do well to keep an eye on the Modern Library lists; they pay dividends.

Among the recent novels the Landscaper has read with pleasure is Dagmar Doneghy's *The Border*, a story of the Civil War period in the Missouri-Kansas territory, which is rich in personal and intimate detail. It is told from the point of view of a small child, which sets definite limitations upon the characterization, since the people must, in the interest of consistency, appear only as the youngster would see them, but even with this handicap, the book reads well. One of its principal fascinations is the account of the family's struggles while the War is on; there is the irresistible flavor of Swiss Family Robinson in certain pages of the book. Miss Doneghy has been careful with her history, and at the same time careful in the omission of the more disagreeable details of the times, so that older children may enjoy the book as well as adults. The novel is called a "saga," which it pretty definitely isn't; can't we have a moratorium on this abused word? It can not be correctly applied to any book that happens to deal with the life of a family, even if some of the members are heroic. One should add that Miss Doneghy has done a charming child in her novel, a feat worthy of a more experienced workman.

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Life Among the Acadians

ANOTHER novel that is concerned with a pocket of this vast country, although its time is the present, is Nevil Henshaw's *Tiger Bayou* (King, $2.50), a skillfully written tale of the Acadian country in Louisiana, around the Teche, to be exact. The plot has a strong tinge of melodrama, but the author manages to achieve very genuine suspense, and to convey, without overloading his pages with either dialect or local color, an exact sense of an exotic setting and people different altogether from the standard American model. Mr. Henshaw has done other stories of the Teche country; he deserves a place well up among the contemporary students of the American scene — the "regional" writers, of whom there are a good many just now.

One of the worst of the current novels is Upton Sinclair's *The Wet Parade* (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50), which is as savage and unrestrained a tirade against the Demon Rum as one might have heard in a Baptist camp meeting twenty-five years ago. Mr. Sinclair is not a novelist except by accident — to him art is simply a means to an end, and he isn't much concerned with the means. He thinks drinking liquor is a crime, and that's that. *The Wet Parade* treats specifically of the ruin of a Louisiana family through drink, and winds up with the statement in capital letters that Prohibition has not yet been tried, which gives Mr. Sinclair one point, at least, for accuracy of statement. In fact, there are a good many accurate statements in Mr. Sinclair's novels, for the man is a good reporter, but the sorry business of Prohibition enforcement is a pretty well worn-out farce by this time, so long a run has it had in the daily press. One is privileged to doubt that *The Wet Parade* is effective propaganda, although it will be read by the intransigent Prohibitionists with great delight. Its thesis is too ridiculous to convince any one, for Mr. Sinclair belongs to the die-hards, who can see no good in drinking liquor, and who consider it as evil and anti-social for sensible people to have fine wines with their meals as for a bar-fly to lie in a gutter filled with bathtub gin — the bar-fly, not the gutter. Prohibition has been tried in this dear country of ours in a manner of speaking, and the verdict is not in much doubt. One can not leave the general subject of Mr. Sinclair, however, without expressing some admiration for his capacity to become indignant over what he considers moral issues. Moral Indignation is one of the American stocks that reached a new all-time low in 1931, even if George M. Cohan did write a song advising the racketeers to flee the wrath to come, which doesn't seem to be coming.

A German Experiment

A VERY long — two volumes, anyway — German novel in a somewhat Joycean technique which attracted much attention in Continental Europe, but which does not seem to this usually-wrong prophet to have much of a chance on this side of the Atlantic, is *Alexanderplatz, Berlin: The Story of Franz Biberkopf*, by Alfred Döblin, translated by Eugene Jolas (Viking Press, $5). Franz Biberkopf is a workman who has re-

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cently been discharged from prison, and who determines to go straight. After many adventures he loses his mind, but eventually recovers. One's sympathies are supposed to be deeply aroused by his troubles, but it is hard to keep an eye on the sufferings of the hero while trying to follow the twistings and turnings of the author's symbolic style. There are, as is usual in novels of this sort, moving passages, but the betting seems to the Landscaper pretty strong against the opinion of the German critics that Herr Döblin has given birth to a masterpiece. It is a not uninteresting novel; hardly a great one by any accepted standards.

To return to America for a brief spell, there are other novels available that might have been mentioned with Miss Doneghy's and Mr. Henshaw's, that is, stories of various corners of the country that have been well peered into by competent eyes. One of these goes along with *The Border* particularly well, since it, too, deals with a Civil War border. This is *Penhally*, by Caroline Gordon (Scribner, $2.50), Miss Gordon being the wife of Allen Tate, the Tennessee poet. Her novel is concerned with a Kentucky estate between 1826 and the present. This covers a full period of development, with a world of incident, and plenty of drama. It is a solidly well-written piece of fiction, and shows Miss Gordon to be a novelist of very real talent, working with material which she has mastered.

Our Landed Aristocracy

WILLIAM FITZGERALD whose ironical *Gentlemen All* launched him on a promising career as a novelist, has turned from Virginia, the setting of his first book, to New Hampshire in *The Old Crowd*, his second (Longmans, Green, $2). This is the tale of Colonel Wilfred Harlan, dead twenty years when the story opens, and completely idolized. Then the whole truth comes out, not only about the Colonel, but his associates as well. The connection between Mr. Fitzgerald's two novels is, interestingly enough, that they are both books about America's landed aristocracy, a rich subject. The Landscaper did not share the opinion of a good many critics concerning the superlative merits of Mr. Fitzgerald's first novel, which was brilliantly done and painfully easy to forget, but there is certainly talent here, and the new book has all the qualities of the other.

Another novel of the American scene is *Black Daniel: The Love Story of a Great Man* by Honoré Willsie Morrow (Morrow, $2.50), Black Daniel being Daniel Webster. The book is concerned with his second marriage to Catherine Leroy, and her great influence upon his continuance of a public career. Mrs. Morrow had a good story to her hand, and she has made excellent use of it, as usual. There is a dependable quality in everything she writes; for one thing, one does not have to worry about the care that has gone into her historical research, and the years she has put in on this period have furnished her with all the necessary materials for satisfactory backgrounds.

Good English Novels

A NUMBER of good novels that began life in England have reached these shores recently, one

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of the best of the lot a queer story called *Precious Porcelain*, by Neil Bell (Putnam, $2.50), which is an account of strange goings-on in the cathedral town of Welling. It is a bit of a horror-novel, but not too much, and unusually well written. Mr. Bell will bear watching, even if his first effort is not a best-seller. Putnam's list also includes Gerard Hopkins' clever *An Angel in the Room*, in which the entire action is encompassed by a Chelsea dinner party, and the chapter headings are taken from the names of the courses. The technique is not wholly original, and it can never, even in the hands of a master such as Mrs. Woolf, result in anything any more important than "little masterpieces," but Mr. Hopkins has handled his drama with skill, and the book is worth an evening. From the same house comes a new collection of Dunsany stories called *The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens*, Mr. Jorkens being an unrestrained liar. These are amusing yarns with much of the best of the Dunsany charm in them. The price is $2.

To Relieve Your Worries

OTHER recent novels designed to take one's mind off the daily charts in the financial pages of the newspapers include D. L. Murray's *Stardust* (Little, Brown, $2.50), a very long and entertaining story of the circus; Thomas Washington Metcalfe's *One Night in Santa Anna* (Macmillan, $2), a tale of love on an ocean-going yacht and adventure in South America which had a success in England earlier this year, and which makes good reading; *The Blanket of the Dark* by John Buchan (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), a corking historical romance of the time of Henry VIII that no lover of Buchan should overlook; *The Virtuous Knight* by Robert Emmet Sherwood (Scribner, $2.50), a mediæval tale of a perfect, gentle chevalier, with plenty of irony between the lines — this is the first novel of a brilliant young playwright and critic, and a beginning worthy of the high standard of his work in other fields; and *The Love of Mario Ferraro* by Johann Fabricius (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), a romance by a young Dutchman, translated by Winfred Katzin, which opens in Capri and goes on finally to the jungles of Paraguay. It has plenty of action, and its backgrounds are extraordinarily rich and detailed. The author is a traveler and knows the countries about which he writes. This is one of the autumn novels that is likely to please almost any class of reader.

Books About America

A GOOD start has been made already upon the season for biography. Those who care to read about people in connection with the history of their own country will find interest in such volumes as *Native Stock: The Rise of the American Spirit as Seen in Six Lives*, by Arthur Pound (Macmillan, $2.50), a gallery of six portraits, the subjects ranging from William Pepperell to Elkanah Watson. During the period covered by the lives of these worthies occurred the birth of a nation — what was to be the United States spread from a narrow fringe of colonies along the Atlantic all the way across a continent almost to the

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Pacific. Mr. Pound has sketched his gentlemen with humor and understanding. *Gun Notches: The Life Story of a Cowboy-Soldier*, by Captain H. Rynning, as told to Al Cohn and Joe Chisholm (Stokes, $3), is another tale of the West, which carries an introduction by Rupert Hughes, expressing great admiration for the sturdy virtues of Captain Rynning. There is a wealth of exciting incident in the volume. *Plain Anne Ellis: More of the Life of an Ordinary Woman* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) continues Mrs. Ellis' chronicle of *The Life of an Ordinary Woman*, and is up to the high standard set by the first part. Literary reminiscences of a high order that deserve reading by a wider audience than those whose business it is to think of books and authors in one way or another are to be found in Hamlin Garland's *Companions on the Trail*, the second volume of his memoirs (Macmillan, $2.50), covering the period between 1900 and 1914. There are innumerable good stories in this book, as in its predecessor, and it is also filled with material for informal literary history, a really delightful book to read and to keep for re-reading. Joseph Lewis French, the indefatigable anthologist, has collected tales of some of the choicest characters of American frontier history in *A Gallery of Old Rogues* (King, $3), among them Quantrell, Murrell, Billy the Kid and others. The East is also represented in this entertaining book.

Hermann Hagedorn has written the whole story of Leonard Wood in a two-volume work (Harper, $10), which, like all good biographies, also contains a vast amount of interesting historical material. It is a biography of the official type, and written obviously to glorify its subject, so that the public's interest in it will depend somewhat upon the potential readers' own feelings toward Wood. Mr. Hagedorn has left out nothing; the controversial material is especially worth reading. Wilson's refusal to send Wood to France is still a subject that might be used to start a debate in a good many places in the United States, although by this time there is a generation that has probably never even heard of the gallant General.

A Stimson Looks at Us

My United States by Frederic J. Stimson (Scribner, $3.50) is the autobiography of a member of a distinguished family, which is also an informal history of a period. Mr. Stimson was born in Massachusetts, moved to Iowa, was graduated from Harvard in '76, and lived in New England or New York up to the time of the World War. He was once ambassador to the Argentine, and held other positions of importance, so that he collected a vast amount of information about many topics. A book on the United States of entirely a different sort is Sherwood Anderson's latest, which he calls *Perhaps Women* (Liveright, $2), and in which he sets forth the theory that the country is already a matriarchy, with the power of women increasing every hour. He wants the woman to do something about the Machine Age. The thin volume is a collection of stray magazine pieces, done in Mr. Anderson's poetical vein, and seems to this observer to have very little value. About every-

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day things, Mr. Anderson was never known as a thinker, and there is no clarity in the reflections gathered together in *Perhaps Women*. It is more than a little pathetic to realize that a talent as real as Mr. Anderson's appeared to be a decade ago has run out so thin as the present volume would indicate.

La Salle and His River

Among other biographies of especial interest are two of La Salle, *The Fatal River: The Life and Death of La Salle*, by Frances Gaither (Holt, $3.50), and *La Salle*, by L. V. Jacks (Scribner, $3). It is an odd coincidence that two lives of this gallant gentleman should appear in the same season, as it has been years since he was made the subject of a full length study. Mrs. Gaither's volume is the more solidly scholarly of the two under consideration, less touched up, and more detailed. It is less obviously dramatic, perhaps, than Mr. Jacks', although those who follow its pages carefully will find that it grips the imagination. Mr. Jacks' *Xenephon* established him as a writer of attractive biographies. Mrs. Gaither's book has the advantage of many illustrations from contemporary maps, and endpapers that give in detail the many voyages and journeys of the redoubtable young Frenchman from Rouen, who found a great river and lost his life in the finding.

Another important recent biography is J. Alexander Mahan's *Marie Louise: Napoleon's Nemesis* (Crowell, $3.75), a book the material for which came out of a long study of the Austrian archives in Vienna, and which contains many new and interesting facts. It is Dr. Mahan's theory that the Austrian wife of the Little Corporal set out to make France pay for the execution of that other Austrian, Marie Antoinette, and he has made an exceedingly dramatic story out of his findings. Edward Wagenknecht has told the life story of the best-known singer in the world, in *Jenny Lind* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), and the account contains much that will be new to most people. It is a sympathetic and carefully prepared biography of an extraordinary career which was interesting enough, although without sensational incidents.

A False Messiah

A book that brings to light a curious chapter in the story of the human race and that gives life to one of the strangest charlatans of whom we have any record is *The Messiah of Ismin* by Joseph Kasten (Viking Press, $3.50). This is the account of the life of Sabbatai Zeva, a noted student of the Kabala, who, in the Seventeenth Century, claimed to be the Messiah, and was believed by many Jews. Called upon to perform miracles, he failed. He lived long enough afterward to be married four times, and to sound the depths of despair. The background is a history of Judaism in the period, and the author has colored his narrative with the legends that have grown up about the figure of this odd person.

It will not do to leave this subject — biography and memoirs — that is, without at least a word about a charming book by a man who has made a fine contribution to literature through the editorship of the famous Everyman's Library, Ernest

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Rhys. This is *Everyman Remembers* (Cosmopolitan, $4). Mr. Rhys has known every one of any importance to literary London since the days of William Morris and he reminisces gracefully and entertainingly.

There is still no sign of a let-up in the flood of books about Russia, and no reason for the let-up, either, since Russia continues to be about the most important subject in the world just now. Liam O'Flaherty's *I Went to Russia* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), which the Landscaper read some months ago in England, is now available here, and is an excellent book, both about Russia and about Mr. O'Flaherty. It is informal, but has a lot of good stuff in it, and is very agreeable reading. A novelized account of the Revolution, *February, 1917*, by Alexei Tarasov-Rodionov, has just been published by Covici-Friede, laden with encomia from the European press; William A. Drake is the translator. Coward-McCann are the publishers of *Russia and the Soviet Union in the Far East*, which deals, of course, with one of the most important phases of the U. S. S. R. activities, and which is by A. Yakhontoff ($5).

Books for Bibliophiles

Before diving into the miscellaneous group, the Landscaper would like to call especial attention to a small list of recent books that is of especial interest to bibliophiles. This is an ideal period for collectors who have any money, for prices are very definitely down, and as certain to rise when the market again becomes active as are good stocks, so sound information for them is valuable. There is a good deal of it in *The Romance of Modern First Editions* by Henry de Halsalle (Lippincott, $2.50), which contains a number of good stories and also furnishes some lists of contemporary authors whose work Mr. Halsalle thinks is worth keeping an eye on. Our own William Faulkner is one of these, and since the Landscaper has been crying up the wares of this young man for a good many years, it delights him to see his books become "collectors' items." Barton Currie's *Fishers of Books* (Little, Brown, $4) is a handsomer and more elaborate work than Mr. Halsalle's. It is the recollections of a famous bibliophile, who has spent a good part of an interesting lifetime running down first editions and rare manuscripts. The volume is well illustrated and contains several suggestive lists, compiled by the Grolier Club, A. Edward Newton, William Lyon Phelps, and others. It is a book any true bibliomaniac will take to his bosom.

The Beginning of Things

Also for lovers of books, although much wider in its appeal than the two volumes just discussed, is Carl Holliday's *The Dawn of Literature* (Crowell, $3.50), which is a highly stimulating introduction to Oriental literature, among other things. It furnishes fascinating glimpses of the literary art in Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, India, China, and so on. Public taste was not so different in these countries from what it is today; doubtless if they had the not-unmixed blessing of the printing press their best-seller lists and ours would not be very different. There are many examples of the literatures of the various coun-

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tries in Mr. Holliday's excellent work. Also for the professional, although appealing to others as well, is Ernest Weekley's small volume, published by Dutton at $1, called *Cruelty to Words, or The "Boners" of Literature.*

Good American History

THE long array of miscellaneous books awaiting attention offers a few at least that must not be overlooked, among them James Truslow Adams' *The Epic of America* (Little, Brown, $3), a one-volume history of our country that is delightful to read and a fine example of how good historical writing can be in our time. It is illustrated with woodcuts by M. J. Gallagher, and ought to be in all good libraries, large or small. Less trustworthy in some of its conclusions, but exciting enough reading is Eugen Georg's *The Adventure of Mankind* (Dutton, $5), translated from the German, another one-volume story of the race that puts forth a number of new theories, and outlines the next steps forward. The German authority stands by the possibility of an Atlantean civilization of a high order, which was scattered through the Mediterranean countries after the continent that saw it born had disappeared beneath the waves. It is curious how this myth — if myth it be — refuses to die. Many Spaniards credit it, and are sure that Spanish civilization sprang from a few survivors of the highly cultured race that was all but wiped out by one of the greatest cataclysms in history, or pre-history.

Readers of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW who know Mary Lee Davis as a delightfully intelligent interpreter of Alaska and the Alaskans will find her new book, *We Are Alaskans* (Wilde, $3.50), a valuable complement to her earlier *Uncle Sam's Attic*, and her light and entertaining *Alaska, the Great Bear's Cub.* The present volume is about the people of Alaska. This author has rendered invaluable service not only to her beloved territory, but to the citizens of the United States, many of whom are still in pathetic ignorance of the riches and the appeal of the great Northern area we bought from Russia.

Dr. Adler on Life

TO COME closer home, Dr. Alfred Adler has put his theory of psychology into a large volume called *What Life Should Mean to You*, in which he discusses a wide array of human problems and what to do to meet them. His theory is, of course, that practically everything wrong with the human race starts with the old Inferiority Complex, and while it would not be seemly for a mere book reviewer to take issue with a psychologist from Vienna, the Landscaper has the uneasy feeling that some of the doctor's statements are a little too sweeping. This business of trying to fit human nature into a neat pigeonhole has been tried before, and without much luck. But taken with as many grains of salt as are necessary — most modern psychology needs a bit of such seasoning — the book should prove stimulating.

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You whose children have food this Yuletide

Give unto those who are *starving*

Scent of holly in the air . . . . a gay tree brimming with holiday blessings . . . . perfume from the kitchen where a generous Christmas dinner is being readied by you and yours . . . . and a mother, her happy, healthy children in her arms, looking out upon the serene night, in which celestial candles gleam and glitter. Home . . . . sanctuary . . . . gifts . . . . food . . . . protection.

During good times or bad, the average American home manages to approach the Yuletide season with joyous anticipation. And the sympathetic urge to help those who are less fortunate, is, always, a national characteristic.

But today . . . . the need for "having a heart" is more tragic, more urgent, more terrifyingly necessary, than ever in the world's history. American children and children of many nations, are STARVING. As the facts accumulate, this situation might well cause us to shudder with horror . . . . "Starving Children" . . . . not a pleasant thought!

What a beautiful thing it will be for YOU, this Yuletide, to give, if but modestly, to these tiny sufferers to whom even a crust of dry bread will come as a blessing. "GOLDEN RULE WEEK" is a constructive opportunity in this direction. The long arm of its vast charity reaches out and finds these hungry youngsters . . . . feeds them. You will do YOUR share, we know.

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DECEMBER 13—20

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DECEMBER 13—20

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Notes of a Cosmopolitan

By Barbara E. Scott

There are few people who follow the trails of the sea, actually or in their mind's eye, who have not at some time or other paused with a certain amount of wistfulness over the glamorous words — the Spanish Main. They seem to embody so much of rollicking freedom, swashbuckling adventure, the achievement of discovery, the glitter of gold. And, though the motives of many of those untamed buccaneers who sailed into its ports may have been tinged with the sordid, their manner of carrying out their nefarious schemes was the way of high adventure. Down through the years the tales of their exploits still form the fabric of the background of the countries where they left their marks, and it is not without a sense of quiet delight that the traveler through the West Indies and along the Spanish Main traces their deep scarred trail.

Along the Spanish Main

Carácas and Cartagena then as now were centres of interest. We have written before of Cartagena, so this time suppose we set sail straight for La Guayra, the port for Carácas, and as the ship slips silently along the coast, you will single it out from the jungle by the scarlet roofs of the houses which cluster like bunches of berries against the rich green of the tropical foliage. These dwellings hug the sea-rim as if frightened by the steep red and dull green cliffs which rise from the water's edge behind them. A decrepit old fort bristles uselessly from the hillside, all its fierceness offset by the long friendly breakwater which stretches out into the open roadstead like an encircling arm, and makes it possible to land with pleasant facility. There is little, however, to intrigue your fancy in La Guayra, unless it be *Iglesia de la Santísima Carramba* — the Church of the Most Holy Damn — which was built, so the story goes, by an enterprising local priest who raised the necessary funds by fining his parishioners for swearing. La Silla, a mountain nearly 9,000 feet high, seems to have succeeded in shutting the little town off almost entirely from the rest of South America, which lies so alluringly hidden behind it. Thus whetted, curiosity inspires you to arrange with all speed to journey on to Carácas either by motor or rail, the latter road being considered one of the finest scenic routes in South America. It twists and curves through ever rising mountains, darts in and out of tunnels, and gives you surprising glimpses of the Caribbean in its cool blue beauty miles below, or perhaps of patient little burros toiling over the endless hills followed by their equally patient masters in their high-peaked hats and gay ponchos.

A Glimpse of Carácas

Then, all of a sudden, you are in Carácas — and the rest of the everyday world is shut away by a rim of cool green-blue and purple mountains which encircle the city completely — and you are glad. Carácas is a picturesque and wholly delightful little city. It is Spanish to its elegant fingertips, in spite of having been the birthplace of that democratic liberty-lover, Simon Bolivar. Its women wear their graceful Mantas, its men the narrow-brimmed high-peaked hats of straw, unless of course, you frequent the more fashionable resorts, when in an indescribable sort of way you are aware of little things that remind you of Paris. Its streets are typically Spanish in their temperamental meanderings — sometimes crooked and pinched, again spreading themselves in the luxury of plazas and parks. If you walk along the streets the soft nose of a little donkey is apt to jostle you as he makes his way under an unbelievable load, and you wish you had remembered a piece of sugar

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Lingering in the shade you will espy that familiar phenomenon of many Spanish countries, the itinerant lottery-ticket vendor. On Sunday morning, if you get up early and wander over to the Plaza Bolivar, which is the centre of Carácas, you may be able to see the result of his labors and share the general excitement of the drawing of the national lottery. If you can, make a point of visiting, or better still, being invited to visit a sugar or coffee plantation in one of the outlying districts, for here you may learn much of that side of the life of the people you will never find in a country's cities — an aspect which is replete with color and grace, and speaks eloquently of the hospitality of Venezuelans.

Sailing Up Main Street in Curaçao

ANOTHER of those places that stand out all by themselves on a West Indies cruise is Curaçao. It is not a bad thing to talk about these two places (Carácas and Curaçao) at the same time because the similarity of their names is a little confusing, yet they are so entirely different. Curaçao is an island just north of Venezuela, a natural stopping place after leaving Carácas on the return to the Caribbean islands. It belongs to the Dutch and it is Dutch. Its port is Willemstad, and in order to be quite the way it should to live up to its name, it has a canal. Smiling Dutch houses with old-fashioned peaks and gables, roofs of red, and fronts of many colors share the borders of the canal with wharves. As the Canal is really the entrance to the harbor, you may indulge in Willemstad in a new sport — sailing down main street.

It is not unnatural to wonder why this small island, which is almost barren, has scarcely a single spring of fresh water stream on it, and is dependent entirely upon rains for drinking water, comes to have such a large population (Willemstad has 15,000) and is such a thriving port. The answer is — OIL. Curaçao was very much of a Cinderella who spent most of her time in the ashes until oil was discovered in Maracaibo about a dozen years ago. Maracaibo, only an over night run from Curaçao, is itself rather off the usual steamer lane, but Curaçao is directly in the path of the Trinidad-Panama lines and those running from New York to Venezuela. This gave Cinderella her chance and she

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NINETY PER CENT of prosperity is to look prosperous. Custom-made clothes, designed and fitted for you individually, give you an indefinable touch of distinction.

Our consignment of importations is now being exhibited, awaiting your inspection. We have carefully worked out prices and pledged ourselves to co-operate with our clientele.

Tailor *Importer*

Shotland

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New York

seized it. Willemstad has become the fueling station *par excellence* for the Caribbean, and one of its most active ports. Its shops are strange and various because the shop-keepers are of so many nationalities. Chinese, Spanish, Dutch, Venezuelans, and Portuguese and Spanish Jews offer bargains, and they usually are bargains because Willemstad is a free port to which goods may be brought without duty. Many American articles are cheaper than they are at home, and it is an excellent place to purchase tropical clothing.

Third Olympic Winter Games

WINTER this year is going to mean more to sport lovers in this part of the world than ever, because the Third Olympic Winter Games are to be held right at our own Lake Placid, February third to thirteenth. In 1924 the First Olympic Winter Games drew all the sporting world to Chamonix, and four years later to St. Moritz. But there is nothing quite like having the best sport in the world right in your own front yard, as it were, and Lake Placid, having been the winter sports centre in this country ever since the turn of the century, naturally assumes the rôle of hostess for the Olympic Winter Games.

Lake Placid— Sophisticated Yet Simple

LAKE PLACID and her twin, Mirror Lake, dart like shining shafts of looking-glass through their quiet valley, forever tempting the encircling mountains to repeat their glorious colors and majestic outlines in their hidden depths. About their shores are scattered clusters of houses — here the little village whose streets begin quite courageously and wind up in pine-clad forest trails, there magnificent camps and the hunting lodges of summer and winter sportsmen. This rendezvous of the smart world is a product of our times — a product which demands all the luxuries of civilization in the very heart of a wilderness — and gets it. Lake Placid may be a village, yet you will find branches of many of the same shops which line Fifth Avenue strung along its unpretentious little streets. And, not to be eclipsed by women's interests, the men may saunter a bit farther along the main street and foregather around the "Big Boards" accommodatingly maintained by Wall Street brokerage houses for the convenience of their ever insatiable clients. If occasion demand a speedy return to the city, airplane service is available at the Lake Placid Airport which will carry you back to New York or Boston in two and one half hours and to Montreal in an hour. Still, happily, all this that belongs to our effete civilization may also be quite blotted out, and swift on the flying wind comes a cloud of soft white snow blown straight from the passes in the pine-clad hills, and you are once more in the big, still outdoors with its freedom and fragrance.

It was way back in 776 B.C. that the first Olympic Games were held by the Greeks

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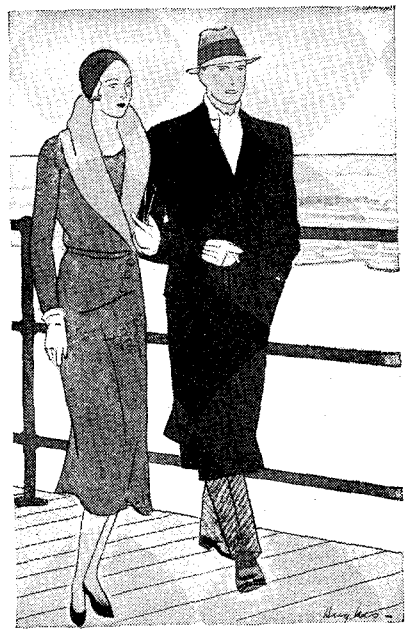
who gathered at Olympia thus to honor Zeus, for their games were closely interwoven with their worship, and they flourished for a thousand years. Today men are still striving for perfection as did the Greeks, and in the competition afforded by these games, it may be noticeable that the struggle is still not so much between individuals as it is to attain perfection.

Mount Van Hoevenberg's Classic Bob-sled Run

GREAT preparations have been going forward to make the Games this February a success, and the first bob-sled run of international specifications ever built on the North American Continent has been completed for the Olympic bob-sled races. One of Europe's foremost engineers, Stanislaus Zentzytzki of Berlin, who designed the famous Schreiberhau run in Germany and other well-known European slides, planned this American run which has been dug and blasted out of rock and forest on the slope of Mount Van Hoevenberg. It was built last fall by the New York State Olympic Games Commission and contains seven major curves including Zigzag, the principal "S" curve, and Shady Corner, a hairpin turn preceded by a reverse curve which makes one of the most thrilling points along the entire run. A speed as high as sixty-five miles or more an hour can be made by the great steel bobs used on this run which in the case of the four-man bobs weigh 485 pounds. The run is patrolled constantly, so that no loose snow or obstructions may mar the course of the sled, and that even the suggestion of an accident may be avoided, telephone stations and operators are maintained at seven stations along the run. If some one has a spill, the operator who has been advised that the bob has left the station above him, notes that it has not past his post, telephones the starter and the run is immediately closed. Not until "clear track" is reported by each station to the starter at the top does another bob speed through the crisp air.

It is a far cry from the lowly home-made bob sleds we used to know, jogging lumpily over uncertain terrain, behind some not too frisky horse, to these slim flyers, racing like mad over their runs of glare ice, but each in



Be thankful this Thanksgiving

SPEND the holiday at the seashore. At Chalfonte-Haddon Hall . . . where there are many things to be thankful for. Sea, sun, salt air, and every consideration for your comfort that thoughtfulness can provide.

Chalfonte-Haddon Hall is hospitable, friendly, informal . . . a happy choice for a Thanksgiving visit. Come for the day or stay the week-end. Walk the boards and enjoy the tonic sea breezes. Ride on the beach, play squash, golf, lie in the sun, take health-baths. Achieve an appetite that will make you doubly appreciative of the bountiful Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Thanksgiving dinner.

Winter rates are in effect . . . just one more thing for which to give thanks. Write for information.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Leeds and Lippincott Company

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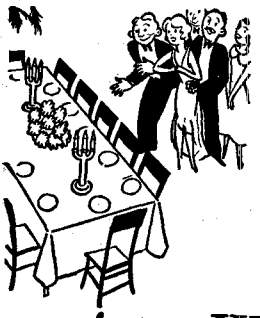

Sometimes WE *are surprised*

BUT we try not to show it... This time a husband said his wife was arriving in 10 minutes, and could we help him arrange a surprise dinner party for her? Here was a list of 12 guests... would we telephone them and "fix things up" while he dashed to meet his wife at the station? There were 14 at that dinner... and his wife *was* really surprised!

It's our belief that a hotel should do *more* than have large, airy rooms, comfortable beds, spacious closets. Beyond that, we *daily try to meet the surprise situation (without surprise)*, no matter what the guest wants.

Extra service at these 25

UNITED HOTELS

NEW YORK CITY'S *only United*....The Roosevelt
PHILADELPHIA, PA.....The Benjamin Franklin
SEATTLE, WASH.....The Olympic
WORCESTER, MASS.....The Bancroft
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TRENTON, N. J.....The Stacy-Trent
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ALBANY, N. Y.....The Ten Eyck
SYRACUSE, N. Y.....The Onondaga
ROCHESTER, N. Y.....The Seneca
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.....The Niagara
ERIE, PA.....The Lawrence
AKRON, OHIO.....The Portage
FLINT, MICH.....The Durant
KANSAS CITY, MO.....The President
TUCSON, ARIZ.....El Conquistador
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.....The St. Francis
SHREVEPORT, LA.....The Washington-Youree
NEW ORLEANS, LA.....The Roosevelt
NEW ORLEANS, LA.....The Bienville
TORONTO, ONT.....The King Edward
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.....The Clifton
WINDSOR, ONT.....The Prince Edward
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I..The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

their time held their own peculiar thrill. And it seems just as far from coasting down hill with its long upward climb, for even the climb up the hill has been eliminated from this modern masterpiece, and riders are now carried to the top over a specially built return road in a thirty-passenger heated bus, the bobs being ignominiously put in sleds and hauled up by powerful motor tractors. Thus do we progress in the Machine Age.

All the Sport World Makes for Lake Placid

AT THE Games this winter it is expected that at least twenty-one teams will compete in the bob races, and these will represent among other nations besides ourselves Austria, Canada, England, Switzerland, Belgium, France, Czecho Slovakia, Germany, Italy and Roumania.

But of course the bob-sled races are just one of the major sports that will come in for their share of acclaim at the famous meet. Skiing is a close second in popularity, and the ski jumps will be held at the Intervales Ski Hill, one of the finest Ski jumps in the country, opened for the Games by the Lake Placid Club. Five thousand spectators can be accommodated in the stands, and there is parking space for thousands more. Then, when you grow tired of playing spectator, you may go back to the hotel, don your own skiis, and before you know where you are, you can be lost to the world in the immensity of a world all your own on some of the ski trails that lace back and forth over the hills in the gleaming frosty woods.

Hockey will be played by the leading college teams in the new Olympic Stadium, built expressly for the Games, as well as the speed and figure skating contests.

Arranging For a Big Crowd

PARTICULAR arrangements are being made to handle the throngs of sportsmen who will pour into the little village for the Games, and just as the friendly folk of Oberammergau threw open their doors to accommodate the visitors on the occasion of their play, so have the good people of Lake Placid come forward in offering hospitality for this unique event. Lake Placid has always afforded unusual hotel accommodations to a

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distinguished clientele, and these will be more than ever in demand for this international meet. The community has even arranged to have special sidings for private railway cars and pullmans, because they anticipate many sport clubs turning out *en masse* and wishing to live in the pullmans while there. Indeed nothing that Lake Placid can think of to do for that part of the world that will come clambering at her doors in February has been forgotten, and the success of the Third Olympic Winter Games seems well assured.

Cuba Grants Greater Facilities to Visiting American Motorists

AMERICAN motor tourists in Cuba are steadily increasing of late because of the greater facilities granted by the Government regarding permits of entry for their automobiles. Free entry is now granted for a period of 180 days with the privilege of a ninety-day extension through the ports of Havana, Cienfuegos, Matanzas, and Santiago de Cuba. Previously tourist automobiles were allowed to enter duty free only through Havana, and for a period of ninety days with the privilege of a ninety-day renewal under bond and with the purchase of a temporary license. With the extension of time allowed under the new ruling, those who wish to spend the entire winter season on the island may do so without feeling that they wished they had come without their cars. There is so much to see all through the island that is lovely — the countryside is so rich in beauty and interest, that those who have only known Havana will be glad of the opportunity this winter to widen their understanding of the island and to tour through the more out of the way places at their leisure. This plan is more than ever attractive now because of the new million dollar Central Highway which is proving quite irresistible to the motorist. Every one wants to see Santiago de Cuba, now that this Highway makes it so simple to drive there, for after all, that was where our own Rough Riders held forth, and it is not hard to find traces of them even now and echoes of their enthusiasm all through that part of Cuba. Another phase of the Government's decree that pleases the visitor is that tourist-owned cars can be exported from Santiago de Cuba and two other ports east of Havana, so that he is not compelled to return to Havana before leaving unless he wishes to.

Financial Outlook

(*Continued from page VI*)

Ford. Whether because of phenomenal luck or uncanny judgment, it is a fact that the country is almost invariably depressed when Mr. Ford is depressed, and prosperous when Mr. Ford is busy. It is generally believed that within the next few months Mr. Ford will bring out a new model, or several new models. They will probably embody all the latest wrinkles, and, if past performances are any criterion, sell very well. For in spite of the depression and unemployment, there are still millions of people in this country capable of buying low-priced automobiles. Many of them, indeed, who would normally have bought new cars last year, postponed doing so, and will feel they have to buy this year. So vast is the scale of Mr. Ford's activities that if his new model should meet a fair demand, improvement would quickly be reflected in the activity of the steel industry, considered the most basic, and other lines might be expected to follow.

Another development in the industrial field which may have far reaching consequences is the quick-frozen foods movement. This promises to bring about extensive changes in food production and distribution which may help to stimulate certain lines of business. A "travelling factory" type of quick-freezing equipment has been developed by the General Foods Corporation, which may be taken to berry patches, truck gardens, fruit orchards, or fish piers, thus eliminating expensive transportation costs.

Dole

MR. HOOVER has asserted that he expected to be able to handle the unemployment situation this winter. He is a brave man. Outside of a dole, there is no known method which can prevent extreme suffering among the unfortunate jobless this winter. So much attention has been focused on England these last few months that we may have learned the lesson of the dole. England is like a sick man who took a

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dose of dope. For a while he felt much better but before long the pain returned, its intensity redoubled. He soon found himself taking ever larger doses of dope, his health gradually sinking under the strain. With such an object lesson before our eyes, is it conceivable that sane people can seriously advocate adopting such a course? Regrettably, it is.

Budget

UNCLE SAM, like a sober and upright Yankee, has for years been living on his income, tucking away a little something every year with which to pay his debts. In this way he has managed, during the last decade, to reduce his standing debt by several billion dollars. This year, unfortunately, he, like all the rest of us, is suffering from a very much reduced income. So far he has not been able to restrict his expenses very much, so that he is faced with a deficit of proportions which would stagger an ordinary Yankee. Most of us consider that there are two things we can do about a deficit: spend less money, or earn more. In the case of such a highly respected member of the world community as Uncle Sam, however, there is still another alternative, to borrow more. This procedure has led to such disastrous results among his neighbors, however, that many of those who have his best interest at heart feel that it should not be resorted to unless absolutely necessary. Again, while most of us, if faced with such a condition, would immediately take steps to reduce our expenses, this is not such an easy thing for Uncle Sam to undertake nor, necessarily, desirable. In order to reduce his expenses, he would, automatically, have to reduce the number of his employes, thereby increasing the burden of unemployment. It would be far better if he could find a way of adding to his income.

Beer

AN INCREASING number of people feel that there is such a way available. Many sincere advocates of temperance believe that Prohibition, as far as increasing temperance is concerned, has been a failure. I am convinced that the movement favoring a change of the Volstead law to legalize the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer is gaining momentum rapidly. The proceeds from an excise tax would soon solve the problem of the budget, while the renewed industry would give employment to millions of men. The President sticks adamantly to his dry position, but great pressure will be brought to bear on Congress when it reconvenes.

Politics

THE thought of Congress reconvening is not altogether encouraging. To say the least, it always threatens to do foolish things, and, all too often, really does them. Furthermore, we are rapidly approaching the Presidential campaign. Discontent with the present Administration is widespread, but on the other hand, business always fears a Democratic Administration. Most of us realize that even the measure of prosperity which we are now enjoying (most of us aren't enjoying very much) is entirely in spite of our political leadership. The radicals maintain that our entire political system is at fault and should be altered, or abandoned altogether, but those who through experience have come to take a more temperate view of things realize that systems make little difference — one serves as well as another — it is the political leaders, those who are entrusted with guiding the system, who are at fault. Indeed there is a discouraging lack of leadership of any sort in this country today. And there never was a time when leadership was more needed.

Conclusion

WHATEVER grief there may still be ahead of us, there are a great many securities, both stocks and bonds, which are now in a long pull buying range. Equity representation in companies, whose stocks are at a conservative ratio to earnings even at current levels of operation and which yield a high return well covered, is entirely justified. Only the out and out trader cares if his stocks go a few points against him, and for him this department is not designed. For encouragement read the newspapers of the culminating periods of former depressions. When the sky is darkest, you may be sure that dawn is near.

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